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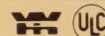
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COVER STORY

Ever since he became premier of Nova Scotia in 1978, John Buchanan has been infuriating opposition critics with his financial policies and ticking off civil servants — as well as some members of his own party — with his hands-on, autocratic management style. But he's still number one in the hearts of grassroots voters. Why? He may well be the champion political flesh-presser of all time. And he loves it.

By Susan Murray

PAGE 16



FOOD

So you thought cranberries only meant sauce for turkeys? So did psychologist Beatrice Ross Buszek until she moved to a Nova Scotian cottage that overlooked a cranberry bog. Some recipes from her popular cookbook, *The Cranberry Connection*, will help convince you that there's more than one way to treat this busy little berry

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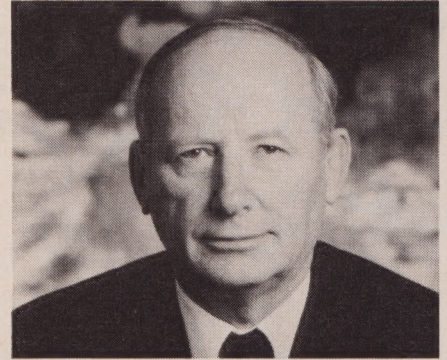
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COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERIC HAYES



PROFILE

R.B. Cameron, says one man who knows him, could be a model for a novelist's caricature of a tycoon. He's one of the richest, most powerful, most unpredictable businessmen in Atlantic Canada, an owner of a clutch of community newspapers who despises journalists. Does he have a soft side? Stephen Kimber probes to find out

PAGE 33



TRAVEL

For the traveller from Atlantic Canada, writes Harry Bruce, "ghosts of the familiar lurk not only in the awesome seascapes and forlorn squawk of ocean birds in Cornwall and Devon, but also in the easy wit of the people, their confident courtesy toward strangers, and dauntless regional pride." It helps explain why, on his very first visit to the area, this traveller, at least, felt quite at home

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The unstylish strength of John Buchanan

For all his domination of the provincial political scene since 1978, not much has been written about Nova Scotia's premier, John Buchanan. Susan Murray's cover story in this issue may help explain why.

Buchanan bears the burden of being up-front, but ordinary. His is not the off-beat, occasionally publicly outrageous style of New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield, or the shoot-from-the-lip, gut-fighter stance of Brian Peckford. (Both have been featured on *Atlantic Insight* covers, Hatfield once, Peckford twice.)

"John Buchanan," Murray writes, "is not the kind of playboy politician who likes after-hours parties. He does not smoke or drink coffee. He indulges infrequently in a rye and seven. He has no hobbies and no desire to travel. He does not play poker or golf or curl. Sometimes he watches late-night TV; he's a fan of Johnny Carson. But he rarely reads books, goes to the movies or listens to music."

What keeps him going?

"His passion," Murray writes, "is politics, and, as a politician, he is a walking cliché, the outstretched hand, the big smile, the remarkable gift for remembering names, faces and clan connections?"

Why Buchanan has never caught the attention, much less the fickle adulation of the press lies as much in that political style as in anything else.

Though his lips may be wreathed perpetually in the smile that launched a thousand (or more) votes, they do not drip *bon mots* or catchy quotes that would help a writer enliven her feature. (What, after all, can you do with "Who's more fun than people?")

Is there anything to learn about John Buchanan?

Apart from the regular journalist's checklist — born here, grew up there, did this, did that — only two things stand out from Murray's piece.

One is the revelatory adoration of John Diefenbaker, who was to the national Tory party what Buchanan aspires to be — and perhaps is — to the provincial party. He is, in short, not a team man.

One of Murray's most interesting anecdotes came out of the Central Nova byelection which hoisted Brian Mulroney to a seat in Parliament. "At a gathering of the provincial Tory caucus," Murray reports, "he [Mulroney] innocently promised to run 'a team government, just like John Buchanan.' Mulroney didn't understand why the meeting erupted in laughter."

Buchanan's wife — and perhaps his most stalwart political ally — sums it up even better: "John wants to be the boss . . . He is always right and everyone else is wrong."

Where will that intelligence, that set of attitudes lead the province of Nova Scotia in the coming years, the crucial ones? The premier gives little away. If he's not a poker player, he has, at least, mastered the art of keeping his cards close to his chest.

His economic and geographical ties are ones he openly admits to. He has small time for Upper Canada, a feeling of affinity to the New England states. "But," Murray observes in her article, "the premier's biggest flaw may be his insistence on running a one-man show . . ."

He is the champion flesh-presser of provincial politicians in this region, perhaps, one might think, a dying breed. He is not a creation of the media. Indeed, he is only fair on television, giving the impression that his presence there is merely a matter of concession to modernism, something that he has to get through before the important matters: Tonight's meeting at the high school auditorium toward which his son or a friend, may well be driving him; an appearance at the Legion; in summer, a picnic, anywhere that offers the opportunity to press the flesh, hug the people, find, not only the strength, but the peculiar solace, of the essential politician.

Mari Lynn MacDonald

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FEEDBACK

Spray agony

Spruce budworm spraying in New Brunswick has been a favorite target of venal journalism for many years. Ralph Surette in his article *Fear of Spraying* (July) abuses the facts less than most but patently has not attempted to sort fact from malicious fiction when he alleges deliberately careless spraying and government-industry unconcern for public health and rights. But he and *Atlantic Insight* owe a particular apology to former Minister of Natural Resources Roland Boudreau in attributing to him any such sentiments as "... if a few kids have to die while we're saving the forest, so be it." If investigative journalism would take the trouble to consult the original tapes of the interview in question, it might recognize this as the worst yet of increasingly pernicious distortions of Mr. Boudreau's attempts to explain to the media in his second language that it would be going beyond his competence and responsibility for forest administration to venture any interpretation of a matter the proper concern of medical science and public health authorities. Mr. Boudreau agonized as much as anyone about the spectre raised by the Reye's syndrome hypothesis and is incapable of the sort of callousness inferred by such a distortion.

F.E. Webb
Fredericton, N.B.

Beyond budding

In Folks, June, Newfoundland's Frank Lapointe is referred to as a "budding architect" amongst many other deserved accomplishments. I find this use of the title "architect" is difficult to accept, unless beyond the budding stage. I hope there are not too many "budding" doctors, dentists, lawyers, accountants, etc. about. Despite much common belief to the contrary, we work long and hard to qualify to ply our profession.

John Large
Saint John, N.B.

Effects didn't affect reviewer

I am a 13-year-old writing about the review of *The Return of the Jedi* in your August issue (*Attack of the Summer Blockbusters*, Movies). If you were trying for a joke, you got the best one of the season. Knelman's "frenetically overblown B-movie" will go down in history. He gives *The Empire Strikes Back* a good review this year, and 10-1 odds he'll give a good review the next time a Star Wars spinoff comes out. If he didn't catch the great effects, he was snoozing through the movie. When the movie was over, I didn't want to leave. Has Mr.

Knelman ever reviewed a movie he liked?

Jon Johnson
New Denmark, N.B.

Charges corrected

An article in your July issue concerning restraint in Newfoundland hospitals (*Restraint Hits Hospitals...*, Newfoundland and Labrador) contained an inaccuracy about user fees in New Brunswick. The article states there is a \$10 a day charge for in-patients. This is not the case. There is no daily in-patient charge in New Brunswick. Since July 1, there have been authorized charges for outpatient services in New Brunswick — \$6 per visit/day for the general public and \$3 per visit/day for people on social assistance. Seniors will pay \$3 per visit/day, effective Nov. 1, 1983.

David Gibbs,
Director, Information Services
N.B. Department of Health
Fredericton, N.B.

Pied opinions on How article

If the first 15 paragraphs of your profile of Harry How (*Good Ol' Harry's a Populist Pied Piper*, Nova Scotia, August) were not enough to turn the stomach of Nova Scotians, surely the 16th paragraph was. The mere suggestion of Harry How ever becoming a judge disgusts me. It is not his eagerness to express his opinions that I find bothersome. His ideas alone are capable of being repugnant. Surely men should be commended for opinions that hold merit and not for simply stating these beliefs. Perhaps, though, in Mr. How's case it is better to encourage verbosity than to leave his unspoken "wisdom" to fester.

Wayne J. Garden
Enfield, N.S.

If the accuracy of the article pertaining to the Honorable Harry How is to be evaluated by the reference "to sue a priest who'd withheld part of his income tax to protest government policy on abortion," then the credibility of the entire article inspires little confidence. During my correspondence with Mr. How, at no time was the possibility raised of suing me for the non-payment of that portion of my income tax that goes toward the killing of the unborn and allied services. Furthermore, violations pertaining to the Income Tax Act are dealt with by federal enforcement agents, either by garnishment (which they have tried), or action in the Federal Court (on which they have been silent). One does not expect from *Atlantic Insight*, a magazine that had been characterized by professional integrity, the kind of writing and reporting associated with the CBC. Poor journalism always begins by ignoring the facts.

Rev. Bernard A. Macdonald
Antigonish, N.B.

Thanks Harry

Harry Bruce, in his column in the June issue (*Some Women Choose to be Hookers*), hits the nail squarely on the head. So many people blame so much on society, on the government, or on whatever avenue is available; but never, ever on themselves. As he says, numerous individuals *choose* their wayward paths in life, and society and fate have nothing to do with it. Everyone has choices, and everyone ought to take credit for the results of these choices, good or bad. Thanks Harry Bruce for a refreshing tidbit of tough truth.

Mrs. C. Chasse
Grand Falls, N.B.

I enjoyed reading the article by Harry Bruce about Sir Humphrey Gilbert and St. John's, Nfld. (*Sir Humphrey Gilbert's Newfoundland Adventure*, Heritage, July). I think it is fortunate that the article appeared at this time because it could do much to counteract the derogatory description of St. John's given over the national news in a television program preceding the royal visit there. The young reporter stressed facts regarding the city, such as roads needing repair, which occurs in every city, and completely ignored the pleasant and historical features of the island's capital. Mr. Bruce dealt carefully with Sir Humphrey Gilbert's career, and continued with a very sincere and adequate account of the old city. As a Newfoundlander, I thank him.

D.M. Cramm
Fredericton, N.B.

Good words and hurtin' words 'bout country music

Your July cover story, *Good Ol' Country Music: Don'tcha Dare Shoot It Down*, was very interesting and made some very good points but it was considerably slanted toward bluegrass-style music. Although bluegrass is an integral part of country music it is not the sum and substance thereof. Country music is in essence the folk music of the lands of origin of the earliest settlers to North America. The fiddle is not only played in bluegrass music. The Irish, French, Scots, etc. brought their fiddles to North America when they came, and with them came the waltzes, jigs and reels from their homelands. Don Messer played old-time country fiddle music, the kind which can still be heard at fiddling contests and at country dances around the Maritimes if you search hard enough. Not all country music is totally electric. In 1982, Country Music Week was held at the new Dartmouth Sportsplex, and it was a very fine success. Ask the fans who drove hundreds of miles to take part. If the good people of CHFX (Johnny Gold and Jim David in particular) are ever successful in bringing

Country Music Week to Nova Scotia again, we plan to spend the week there, wherever it is located.

Marguerite Spicer
Kingston, N.S.

I thoroughly enjoyed your feature article on country music. Gordon Stobbe's dedication and determination are much needed in a music market leaning all too heavily toward middle of the road. It was exhilarating to read about others who maintain a love of bluegrass and pure country music.

Fred Fisher
Wolfville, N.S.

In regards to your cover story on country music, I can't help but "dare to shoot it down." Good ol' country music, in reality, is neither music nor good. Most of the performers wouldn't know the basics of real music writing if it hit them on their bent guitar strings. Music has always been both a spiritual and a highly creative reflection of those true inner feelings and aspirations of people everywhere. Country music can't and never will accomplish this because it isn't creative and it doesn't aspire to anything. Its originality can't go beyond the boredom of heartache, two-timing, adultery and pain. The sin is that this music doesn't diagnose society's illnesses beyond the fact that it glorifies our hardships, makes them seem OK in the long run. Because music should promise much more, allow me to paraphrase Hank Williams: "You have to lift your nose out of the muleshit in order to smell the fresh air that's coming your way." Thousands of people don't want to recognize this, but many others already have. Country music may have deep roots, but its branches *and* fruit are rotten.

J. Boudreault
Cornwall, P.E.I.

Last words on Guy

Please do not remove Ray Guy from the last page of *Atlantic Insight*. We in Pennsylvania read him first. I notice his hate mail comes from the stodgy people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, none as yet from the Happy Newfoundlander who enjoys a good joke and laugh once in a while. We have freedom of choice: If we don't like something, we needn't read it. So keep it coming for those of us who do.

Judith Dawe
Lehman, Pa.

Editor's note: Ms. Dawe and the many others who have written in support of Ray Guy may rest assured that his column will continue to appear. The correspondence is now closed.

Breaking the ice with new routines

On the ice, in this final performance of the night, excellence and panache are more evident than in the earlier routines; this is only to be expected from Canada's ice dancing champions. But Robert McCall and Tracy Wilson have become internationally controversial figures in their art, and it's fascinating to try to guess why by watching their movements.

Now, they are executing the dance that, more than anything, established their reputation for spurning the orthodox. It is called "Stray Cat Strut," a sinuous piece of rock 'n' roll. The black costumes are appropriate for the mood of after-dark tryst, and there is a sensual flash of red undergarment in the beauty of Wilson's swirls. The motions are smooth and slinky — but there is that feeling of something else, just beyond the grasp of recognition. And then, in the final chords, McCall slides on his back

parents split up when he was five and his mother became his strongest formative influence. Evelyn McCall had been a figure skater with Ice Capades in the Fifties, and although McCall insists she never became one of those formidable "skating mothers" to be seen around local arenas, she imparted a fascination with skating to her sons. "I was always leafing through her scrapbooks," he recalls.

The boys began skating when Robert was 11 and Stephen, seven. Stephen would later concentrate on music (he is now the lead guitarist in a rock band), another family talent that was to become central to McCall's success.

His first partner in competition was Marie McNeil, another Haligonian. Meanwhile, on the other edge of the country, Tracy Wilson of Port Moody, B.C., was dancing with Mark Stokes. McCall and Wilson found each other in the summer of 1981, after their respective partnerships had broken up. Their alliance provoked a good deal of skepticism. They seemed to be mismatched, an impression heightened by their striking physical differences. He has black hair and light blue eyes. She has blonde hair and chocolate-brown eyes. More importantly, he is the taller by only three inches, and a height difference of about seven inches is the norm. Yet the unlikely combination clicked. They won their first Canadian title at Brandon, Man., last year, only six months after they teamed up.

But both hunger for medals in world competition. And for Canadian dancers, that is a very tough arena — a fact stressed by their coach, Bernard Ford of Toronto. Before emigrating to Canada from Britain, Ford was world champion, together with Diane Towler, four times, from 1966 through 1969, the year he won an MBE.

"Getting a Canadian dance pair to be successful in world competition," he says, "is something akin to getting a Canadian on the moon." It is not that the judges are deliberately biased: "There is never a pre-judgment. But there is a pre-assessment. British dancers do well because they have a certain background. They're expected to do well. Canadians don't have that background."

But Ford is known for his inventiveness and he talks with enthusiasm of the contradictions the McCall-Wilson team represents in traditional ice dancing qualities. "Usually the female is the embellishment and the male, the strength. But in this case, it is Tracy's discipline and hard work that keep his

musical creativity and flair for characterization in hand." After the pair finished a disappointing 10th in a field of 21 at the Copenhagen world championships in March last year, Ford resolved to create with them "a background."

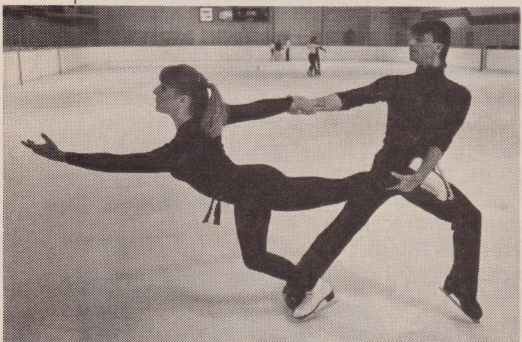
The controversial course was set, but the occasion for its actual beginning was accidental. "We'd just spent about \$200 on records and we were leaving the store," Ford recalls. On the way out, they heard "Stray Cat Strut" being played, and Ford impulsively went back in and bought the disc. The three later modified the music, changing the pattern of the rhythms and slowing down the tempo markedly. "I wanted it to stand out," Ford says.

Stand out it did. When it was demonstrated at the international competition in England in September last year it pleased the fans, but not the judges. They said the tempo was so slow that the music no longer qualified as rock 'n' roll. McCall and Wilson were doing very well until the rock number ratings pulled them down to fourth place, over-all.

Bernard Ford was not about to give in. He sent tapes of the revised version of "Stray Cat Strut" to Paul Anka and a Toronto disc jockey who has an international reputation as an expert in rock 'n' roll. Back came letters stating that the modifications had not destroyed the basic character of the music: It was still truly rock. The debate made waves through the world's ice dancing circles. Gradually, Ford won supporters. The judges were still not convinced by the time of Skate Canada in Kitchener, Ont., last October. McCall and Wilson finished second, again dropping points with the rock number. But when the Canadian championships arrived in Montreal in January, the tide seemed to have shifted. McCall and Wilson won. And they placed a respectable sixth at the world competition in Helsinki in March.

It's encouraged them enough to plan a new surprise for the Olympics in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, next February, and the world's in Ottawa in March. For the free dance segment, they've improvised on a jazz tune that was the signature for a Fifties television show. As far as they know, no pair has ever attempted to dance to jazz music in competition.

McCall's body rhythm goes to work when he talks about demonstrating the dance in Halifax. "It's staccato," he says, flipping his hands. "Low to the ice. Sort of femme fatale." It will, he adds with a grin, be "controversial." —John Doig



STEVE BEHAL

Wilson and McCall: Controversial figures

toward Wilson — arms and legs extended upward. It is humor, verging on parody, a risky posture for a participant in any endeavor where tradition is valued.

Behind the scenes, McCall and Wilson confirm that risk is essential to what they're trying to accomplish in their quest for medals in world competition. They will be trying out a new routine at Skate Canada in Halifax this month (Oct. 27-30) that promises to be even more controversial than anything they've done before. It will be an important experiment, because the reaction of the judges at this international invitational event should give some clue to whether the innovative boldness of the Canadian champions is becoming more acceptable to the skating establishment.

And for Robert McCall the occasion will have a profound sentimental significance, because Halifax is the place where the quest really began.

He was born on September 14, 1958, and grew up in the north end of Dartmouth, later moving to Halifax. His



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Kicking the chemical habit

When Chris Mermuys set out to heal his sick soil, he decided to stop listening to government "experts." That's when he began making progress

Where is the best soil on the Island?" grain farmer Maurice Mermuys demands, eyes flashing beneath his grey eyebrows. "In the rivers, that's where!"

Mermuys and two of his sons, Chris and Bernard, are trying a new approach to conserving the soil on their 500-acre farm north of Montague, P.E.I. Their methods aren't quite those recommended by conventional soil science, but they seem to be working.

Three-quarters of Prince Edward Island's soils are susceptible to erosion. Row crops like potatoes and tobacco, where most of the land is left bare, are hardest on the soil: It's open to the effects of rain and wind. After a heavy rain, the red stain of thousands of tons of fertile topsoil washes out to sea in the rivers.

Recent work by provincial soil scientists shows that a normal planting of row crop potatoes loses on average almost 10 tons of soil per acre per year. It's a serious threat to the Island's main industry.

The Mermuyses grow about 200 acres of grain and 60 acres of tobacco. The rest is hayland. By Island standards, they're big-time farmers. Up until a few years ago, the farming methods they used were no different from those of their neighbors. That, they feel, is where the problem with their soil began.

Farming practices changed dramatically after the Second World War. Traditional rotation between crops and pasture has been replaced by cash crops that make erosion more likely. Hedgerows that controlled wind erosion have been ripped out to make way for huge, seven-bottom plows. Increased mechanization has meant more intensive production, with shorter rotations or even continuous cropping, and a dependence on chemical fertilizers, pesticides and insecticides.

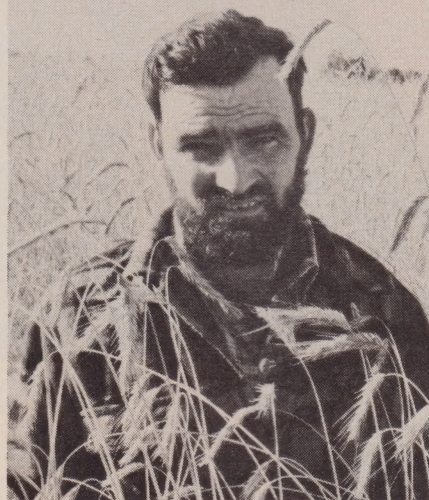
When the Mermuyses first started to farm their land, after moving to the Island from Ontario in 1962, they were using these methods, and their yields were good.

"If we got anything less than 60 bushels from an acre it was a disaster," Chris Mermuys says. "Now if we get that, it's a good crop. Grain dropped 50%, tobacco as low as 75%." The drop in yield was a puzzle, because they were following the recommendations of local soil specialists, and they couldn't pinpoint the problem. Eventually, Chris became convinced that the yield loss was related to heavy soil erosion and a decline in soil quality. A heavy application

of potash, recommended by government agrologists, seemed to make matters worse.

Chris Mermuys took on the problem. Now 34, he dropped out of high school after Grade 11. But the yield problem sparked his interest in soil science. He took a correspondence course from the University of Guelph and began subscribing to every journal about soils and organic farming methods he could find. His study is lined with books and periodicals, all well thumbed and dotted with notations in his tiny, neat handwriting.

He began to believe that the information he was getting from provincial farming representatives and soil scientists was



Chris Mermuys works out his own methods

leading him astray. Through extensive reading, he worked out his own plan of attack.

Tobacco is one of the most heavily sprayed of all farm crops. A normal procedure would be to use upwards of 15 to 20 different applications of pesticides and fungicides per crop. To try to bring life back to the soil, Chris and Bernard decided to cut back on these sprays. This year, Bernard applied only one. There were some problems, but so far the crop looks good, and earthworms are starting to move back into the field.

The family has also cut back on nitrogen fertilizers and is relying instead on green manure crops, worked into the ground in spring, to increase the soil's fertility. They spread much more lime than is conventional to sweeten the soil; they treated one grain field with eight tons to the acre, rather than the usual one or two. The results from one small

field were highly encouraging.

"It gave really heavy tobacco with only 14 pounds of nitrogen per acre," says Mermuys. "We're aiming for a healthy soil to make the difference. It's something I don't fully understand, but I've seen situations where farmers are doing it [farming without chemical fertilizers]. If they can do it, I can do it."

Mermuys has to work out his own methods because there's very little research on non-conventional farming methods. Most research at Agriculture Canada focuses on how to use available fertilizers, herbicides and pesticides. The department spends little time trying to find out how farmers can kick the chemical habit and still maintain high yields.

David Rogers, director of extension services for the P.E.I. Department of Agriculture, says there's little demand for research on how to farm without chemicals. Soil conservation is a priority with the department. But "there's still a long way to go" in teaching farmers to change their cropping practices to prevent soil erosion.

Chris Mermuys is doing his best to convince other farmers of the value of good soil management practice. He now writes a bi-monthly column in the Island's only farm newspaper, *The Island Farmer*, published in Montague by Jim MacNeill. Mermuys regularly writes about the relationship between government research scientists and big business chemical corporations, about the value of heavy liming, about the importance of soil micro-organisms. It's a labor of love. A one-finger typist, he takes more than an hour to copy out one of his columns, and often writes half a dozen drafts before he's satisfied.

Rogers reads the column regularly. "I think it's good that a farmer is concerned about the health of the soil, and is willing to express his points of view about how soils can be more productive," he says. "Chris is expressing a point of view that I might not agree with. But it deserves to be heard."

Underscoring the point that Mermuys' ideas aren't always in step with conventional wisdom, Richard Veinot, soil chemist with the provincial Department of Agriculture, wrote to *The Island Farmer* to say that some of Mermuys' information "is not entirely consistent with current knowledge on the subject, and can be quite misleading if applied to farm management in the province as a whole."

The proof, as they say, is in the pudding. On the Mermuys farm, the soil is responding to careful husbandry. You can plunge a closed fist down about six inches into the soft, damp texture of one barley field. "It used to be that in the spring, the ground would crust over quite hard," says Mermuys. "Now you can break it up with just a finger."

—Susan Mahoney

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Emptying the psychiatric wards

The sprawling red brick building that rises above the Reversing Falls at Saint John, N.B., looks very much like what it is, an aging Victorian warehouse for the insane. The first "asylum" of its kind in Canada, the

130-year-old building has seen more than one revolution in the treatment of the mentally ill: Freudian therapy, shock treatments, chemotherapies. Its former name, Provincial Hospital for the Insane, has been changed to a less blunt

one — Centracare. A population that once reached 1,700 has shrunk to fewer than 400.

Now, to save money and follow the latest fashion in psychiatric care, New Brunswick's government plans to open Centracare's locked doors for many of those who remain. More than a third of the hospital's patients, Fredericton hopes, will shortly move to a less restrictive, and less costly, life in "community settings" — nursing homes, special care homes, and ordinary apartments or rooming houses in Moncton, Saint John and Fredericton.

For many patients, the prospect of greater freedom and independence is alluring. But there are problems. Places in nursing and special care homes for psychiatric patients are few; the homes' staff are seldom equipped to provide the special care the patients need. Other attempts to sweep psychiatric patients from hospital wards to the outside world, both in New Brunswick and elsewhere, have ended in failure and, occasionally in tragedy.

Government officials would prefer to dwell on success stories, such as that of Bernie Bourque, 38. He was admitted to Centracare in 1978, after he became violent while in the throes of an acute psychotic breakdown. When he arrived, a hospital social worker recalls, Bourque's contact with reality was so tenuous he was incapable of even simple tasks of personal hygiene.

Three years of intensive therapy and medication restored Bourque's reason and control. Late in 1982, along with five other patients, he moved out of Centracare to a private special care home nearby, where he is free to come and go.

"I like it much better," Bourque says. "I get along with the people. There's not as much racket." Still on medication and a regime of out-patient therapy, Bourque hopes to find work and eventually move to his own apartment.

According to a study received by the N.B. Department of Health 18 months ago, more than 140 other Centracare patients are well enough to follow a similar path out of institutional care, to homes providing varying degrees of supervision and care, or to their own rented rooms or apartments.

The idea is part of a broader scheme to reform mental health services in New Brunswick's populous southern counties. The plan also involves treating acute psychiatric patients in special wards of general hospitals, and moving Centracare — reduced to a centre for long-term treatment of the most severely ill — to a newer and smaller building. (A similar plan is under consideration for the rest of the province.)

The scheme has the blessing of some psychiatric theorists, who argue that large institutions frequently make men-



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tal patients worse rather than better, and that patients can best be treated as close to their homes as possible.

Possibly more persuasive to a hard-strapped government, the cost of caring for a mental patient in a special care home can be as low as \$14 per day. Care for an in-patient at Centracare costs \$125 a day. On average, Health Department spokesman Jim Wolstenholme says, Fredericton thinks the new regime will cost half what hospital care does. The department's goal, he says, is to move 70 Centracare patients out by the end of this year, with 70 more to go, next year.

The government's goal seems impossibly optimistic. Many patients marked as able to leave Centracare are elderly and physically and mentally infirm. Many more are mentally retarded, some of them profoundly so. Bernie Bourque is an exception; the great majority will need substantial amounts of care and attention in well-equipped nursing homes. New Brunswick's nursing and special care homes are already

one evening of the man chewing on a razor blade.

Wolstenholme counters that the province is ready to fund groups like the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded (CAMR) and the Canadian Mental Health Association (CMHA) to open new nursing and special care homes to accept ex-Centracare patients. The same organizations, he says, will help provide expertise to existing homes.

But that too seems optimistic. "I don't think CAMR has any intention of...operating special care homes," says David O'Neill, chairman of the Community Living Board of the CAMR's Fundy Region Council. In Moncton, CMHA outreach programs don't have enough volunteers or funding to serve those already in special care homes, let alone any newcomers, says association worker Marthe Léger.

Groups like the CMHA and CAMR doubt whether moving patients from Centracare to properly equipped community housing will save money. By one CAMR estimate, adequate housing and therapy for 26 mentally retarded patients alone would cost \$800,000. Fredericton this year budgeted only \$500,000 to provide new housing and services for all 70 of the patients it wants to move.

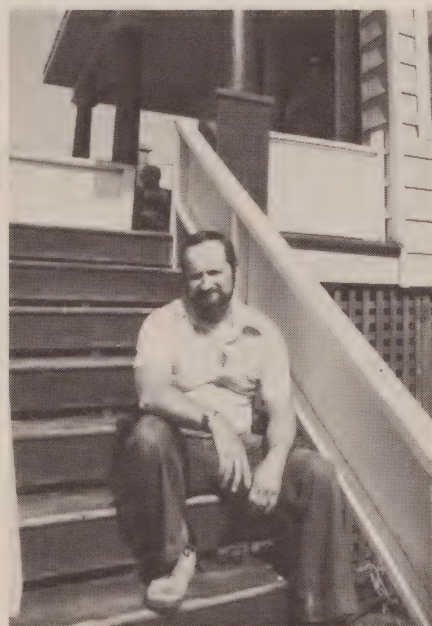
Meanwhile, it's not hard to find evidence of the perils facing patients released to inadequate housing and support. When psychiatric hospitals in New Jersey "turned [patients] loose with a note and a bottle of tranquilizers," notes Thomas Klewin, author of a recent study of that state's house-cleaning of mental patients, "they became victims. They fell prey to unscrupulous landlords, to kids who rob them on the street." Many joined the ranks of New York City's "bag people," a third of whom are former mental patients.

At best, patients may end up — as did several hundred men and women turned out of Centracare during a previous round of ward-clearing in the late 1960s — condemned to a bare existence in remote, rural special care homes without treatment or rehabilitation, or even much ordinary creature comfort. (Many beds in the province's clogged special care homes, Health officials admit, are still occupied by victims of that earlier sweep.)

Despite those risks, Health Department officials appear determined to meet their targets for community placement by the end of 1984, targets that seem bound to collide with the resolve of Centracare chairman David Heustis. "No patient will be removed from our care," he promises, "until we know that the care to which he is going is at least equal to what he is receiving now."

The promise is doubtless sincere. But in a debate that may well come down to dollars and cents, it's the government that holds the purse-strings.

—Chris Wood



Bernie Bourque: One of the success stories stretched to capacity.

David Heustis, chairman of Centracare's board of directors, feels pressure from government to begin moving patients out of expensive hospital beds. But, he asks, "where are you going to put them? Find me a nursing home in the province of New Brunswick that has a spare bed!"

The few that do are not always equipped to deal with ex-mental patients. With only a small handful of patients moved by the end of the summer, problems had already surfaced. The very first to go to a nursing home, a 66-year-old man, was sent back to Centracare less than a week later. The nursing home complained that it had no male nurses or orderlies to restrain him from assaulting other patients and staff, nor anyone trained to deal with such alarming incidents as the discovery



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FRED HATFIELD

Ferry schedule: Bound to make somebody unhappy

To Yarmouth, the MV *Bluenose* isn't the good ferry

Businessmen in the Yarmouth area say the whole province is losing tourist dollars because CN Marine's schedule favors the U.S.

When the CN Marine ferry MV *Bluenose* pulls into Yarmouth, N.S., from Bar Harbor, Me., on a summer afternoon, about 265 automobiles — usually about 725 passengers — unload. But most don't stay in this town of 9,000 on Nova Scotia's western shore. They push on to the South Shore, the Annapolis Valley or even Halifax — more than four hours away. And that makes many business people in the Yarmouth area unhappy: They want the tourists to stay put. More than that, they say the whole province is losing valuable tourist dollars to the state of Maine simply because CN Marine, a Canadian Crown corporation, favors the U.S. in its ferry scheduling.

The *Bluenose* leaves Bar Harbor at 8:30 a.m. (EST). That means tourists from big population centres such as New York City and Boston must leave home the day before to catch the early-morning ferry. Many stay overnight in Bar Harbor. If the ferry left later in the afternoon, tourists could drive from home the same day they caught the ferry, then spend that first holiday night in Nova Scotia. On the return trip, the ferry leaves Yarmouth at 5 p.m. and arrives in Bar Harbor about 10 p.m. (EST). Again, many tourists spend the night in Bar Harbor — not Nova Scotia. Jack Morris, president of the Yarmouth County Tourist Association, says it's unfair. "It's a Canadian boat and most of the accommodations are going to the other side," he says. But CN Marine claims the ferry schedule — in effect for 27 years — has a proven track record with tourism and commercial concerns.

No change could be made without the agreement of all the people affected by the schedule, says Shawn MacDonald, a spokesman for CN Marine in Moncton.

Last summer, the Yarmouth County Tourist Association asked the local Chamber of Commerce to conduct a study on the effects of changing the schedule. The chamber got funding for the \$10,000 study from the Nova Scotia Development Department, which hired a private Halifax consulting firm to conduct it. The report was to be released in September.

Even before the study's release, a department official said he didn't expect it to support a schedule change. If it did, the province would require a more detailed look at how scheduling affects the trucking and fishing industries, which also use the ferry to ship products to the U.S. "We're not going to pound on CN Marine's door and say 'change the schedule' until there's more study," he said.

Not everyone's unhappy with the current schedule. Wayne Cunningham of John's Cove Fisheries in Yarmouth says it lets him get his fresh fish to the Boston market in less than a day. When the truckers arrive in Bar Harbor at 10 p.m., they head straight for Boston and unload the fish early the next morning. "I want my fish there at five or six in the morning," Cunningham says. Right now, it is.

"We're definitely against any change in the schedule," says Dianne LeGard of the Middleton-based Annapolis Valley Affiliated Boards of Trade (AVABT), a 500-member organization representing tourist-related and other businesses. "If

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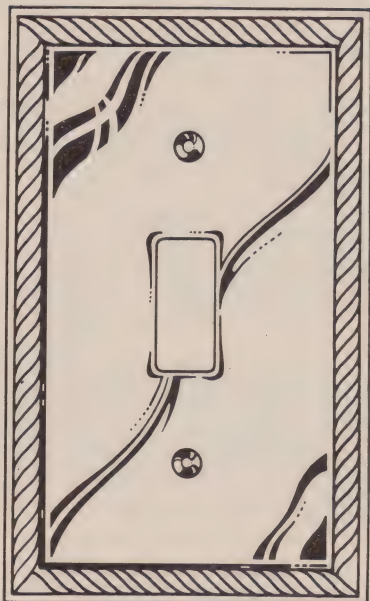
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it was changed, people wouldn't be able to drive to the Valley when they got off the ferry." After a six-hour ferry ride, tourists apparently want to drive for a while, get on with their holiday, see something. Both the Valley and South Shore benefit from that. Besides, with only about 500 beds, Yarmouth couldn't handle an additional tourist load, LeGard says. (The *Bluenose* can transport more than 1,000 passengers.) A Tourism Department official agrees that Yarmouth would require 200 to 250 more rooms, which would likely sit empty at least six months a year in the off-season.

Late this summer, the South Shore Tourist Association had no definite position on the proposed change. But executive director Margaret Campbell says any schedule change needs careful examination. "The entire provincial industry would be affected," she says.

One N.S. Tourism Department official say it's not as simple as "turn the ferry around and keep the tourists here by two days." He doesn't like the idea of "trapping" tourists in Yarmouth, a town he calls "a gateway," not a tourist destination. That could backfire, he says. Tourists might drive to Saint John, N.B., instead, then hop the ferry to Digby, N.S. Or, as LeGard suggests, some tourists might simply decide not to go to Nova Scotia at all.

Frank Loomer, a campground operator near Yarmouth, is convinced a change in the schedule would boost tourism in the province — extending the average length of stay from five to seven days. "It would mean 40% more business for those in the tourist industry," he says. (A Tourism Department official says innkeepers in Yarmouth aren't doing badly: They currently operate with an 83% to 84% occupancy rate.) It would also mean more tax dollars for the province, Loomer says. "It's a complete shame that we're giving those tax dollars to the state of Maine." Tourism, Nova Scotia's third-largest industry, generated about \$600 million last year.

One sore point that's rarely mentioned, except by carless tourists, is the near-impossible connections for bus and train travellers who want to catch the *Bluenose* or the privately run *MS Scotia Prince* to Portland, Me. Although it's possible to get an early-morning bus from Halifax on Acadian Lines to catch the *Bluenose* — travellers miss the Portland ferry — you miss the connection on the return trip. VIA Rail's schedule is even worse. There's no way to make same-day trip from Halifax to Yarmouth and catch either ferry. And that's just one small wrinkle in the tedious job of ironing out a transportation schedule that's bound to make somebody unhappy. —Roma Senn

Here come the judge (eventually)

It can take months, sometimes years, to get your day in court in Newfoundland

The old saying "Justice delayed is justice denied" is starting to haunt Newfoundland lawyers as they wade through a constant backlog of court cases. The latest bottleneck, cases waiting to be assigned trial dates, is a reminder to the legal community that the province's justice system needs to be overhauled.

"We're 50 years behind the rest of Canada," says Jim Adams, president of the Newfoundland branch of the Canadian Bar Association. "Our court rules are archaic, there aren't enough judges and our trial facilities, at least in St. John's, have seen little more than a coat of paint since the turn of the century."

Adams says his clients are being forced to wait months, sometimes years, for their day in court. And even when they do get to trial, he says, there's no guarantee their cases won't be adjourned because the judge or courtroom is suddenly not available.

Backlogs, including the current one, usually involve civil cases because they're low on the court's priority list, compared with criminal or family matters. The cases are mainly disputes over money — people trying to get compensation for damage in an automobile accident, for example, or collecting payment for a real estate transaction.

The Newfoundland branch of the Canadian Bar Association, in its annual brief to the Newfoundland government, singled out the Supreme Court in St. John's as the main problem area but said delays in assigning trial dates were also starting to surface in the Corner Brook district court.

As of August, there were 150 cases waiting for trial dates in the Supreme Court, some for as long as a year. Judges say they expect to hear the cases by Christmas.

"Delays of any kind are bound to create hardship for people," says Judge Lloyd Soper of the Corner Brook district court. "There is no doubt in my mind that people are suffering because of the present problems."

Lawyers say some clients have had to wait up to two years for a trial date. In Nova Scotia, where there was a backlog of about 25 cases in August, the practice is to assign trial dates almost immediately — the maximum delay being about four weeks.

Newfoundland's problems are compounded by a shortage of courtrooms and by judges' heavier workloads. In the Corner Brook district court, one judge says, there are "probably hundreds" of

judgments waiting to be rendered.

The Justice Department, trying to overcome the delays, adopted a system about two years ago of placing all cases on a general waiting list as soon as the people involved were ready to go to trial. The list was intended to speed up the assigning of trial dates and allow judges to better organize their court time. It worked for a while, but as the present backlog shows, it wasn't the cure everyone hoped for.

"The big problem is that we don't have enough Supreme Court judges," says a senior member of the bench. "It's not the length of trials but the time-consuming writing of judgments that's causing the delays."

Newfoundland has seven trial judges who can hear Supreme Court cases. That compares with 18 in New Brunswick, following the merger of the county and Supreme courts a few years ago, and 10 in Nova Scotia, where strength is often added to the bench by upgrading lower court judges. Prince Edward Island, with a population less than a quarter of Newfoundland's, also has seven judges who can hear Supreme Court cases.

To make matters worse, one of Newfoundland's Supreme Court judges has been ill in the past year; another has been heading the royal commission on the Ocean Ranger disaster, and a third has been preoccupied with the Churchill Falls recall case.

In addition, judges have had to spend longer than usual this year in circuit court, sometimes for stretches of six or nine weeks at a time. Supreme Court judges are based in St. John's but hear cases all over the province. The extra travelling, besides postponing vacation, has added to their workload, which many justices say is already one of the heaviest in Canada.

Newfoundland judges, unlike those in other provinces, have to hear divorces. Nova Scotia adopted a system years ago of relegating these time-consuming cases to lower-court judges. The workload has been aggravated by a shortage of support staff.

"We recognize judges are overworked and that delays are a problem," says Ronald Penney, the deputy-minister of Justice. But, until there are more courtroom facilities, he adds, it doesn't make sense to increase the number of judgeships. Ottawa appoints judges and pays their salaries, but the province creates the position and provides support staff and courtrooms.

There now are only 2½ courtrooms

for the Supreme Court in St. John's, and the half, a former judges' chamber, is rarely used. As one justice described the room, "It's so small that if the judge jots down in his notes 'he's lying,' the witness can read the scribbling over the judge's shoulder." There's one jury room and one washroom, which means no more than one jury trial can be held in the building at once.

"It's insane," says Adams, referring to the St. John's courthouse, a castle-like stone building on Duckworth Street. Judges have to elbow their way into court because there aren't proper waiting facilities for litigants and witnesses, he says. Lawyers are either huddled in hallway corners whispering to their clients or rushing down to the lockup to talk to clients there. "It's like a zoo," Adams says.

The Justice Department announced in August it would be moving the provincial court out of the old courthouse and into rented premises to free space for the Supreme Court. But judges and lawyers say the move won't have much impact.

"What we need is a large infusion of capital," says Adams, who maintains that in Newfoundland the justice system has never received the attention it deserves because the Justice portfolio in the cabinet is not a big vote-getter.

Plans were made a year ago to merge the district and superior courts, but because of budget problems, the Newfoundland government has decided to postpone the move indefinitely. The merger would have doubled the number of Supreme Court judges and required the construction of a new courthouse.

Penney says the postponement couldn't be avoided, because of financial demands on the department's budget in the past couple of years. The province's police force, the largest in Atlantic Canada, was expanded, and new correctional facilities and jails were built. Crown prosecutors were also hired across the province, which Penney says put an enormous strain on the budget. The police prosecuted in Newfoundland until two years ago, when a Supreme Court of Canada ruling forced the government to do away with this dangerous practice.

"We've been playing catchup for years," says Penney, "and we have made progress." However, he concedes, Newfoundland is still, in his estimation, about 20 years behind the rest of Canada.

— **Bonnie Woodworth**

John Buchanan's never-ending campaign

His financial policies outrage the opposition. His autocratic style riles civil servants and Tory MLAs. But the laird of Nova Scotia is still Number One with grassroots voters. He tries harder

By Susan Murray

You hear the same story again and again from people who travel with John Buchanan: When he's on the road, and everybody else in the car is tired and dying for a long, leisurely meal, he'll tell the driver, "Stop at MacDonald's. It's full of people."

It's not that the premier of Nova Scotia has a fetish for fast food. What he's interested in, as he bounds out of the car with a grin, is shaking hands with everyone in sight. No matter how far away the next election is, he never stops campaigning, never grows weary of pressing the flesh.

John Buchanan is not the kind of playboy politician who likes after-hours parties. He does not smoke or drink coffee. He indulges infrequently in a rye and seven. He has no hobbies and no desire to travel. He does not play poker or golf or curl. Sometimes he watches late-night TV; he's a fan of Johnny Carson. But he rarely reads books, goes to the movies or listens to music.

His passion is politics, and, as a politician, he is a walking cliché — the outstretched hand, the big smile, the remarkable gift for remembering names, faces and clan connections. "John can work a crowd better than anyone I have ever seen in politics," says cabinet colleague Roland Thornhill. "And it's not a chore. He does it because he likes it."

His favorite expression is, "Who's more fun than people?" and he models himself in the populist style of his idol, the late John Diefenbaker, who used to say he never campaigned, "I just visit people." His home number is in the telephone book. He lives in a modest, two-storey house in the working-class community of Spryfield, on the fringes of Halifax. When he won the Tory leadership in 1971, he put on an apron and cooked and served lobsters to party workers at the Sea King Motel on the Bedford Highway, an establishment he owned at the time. "I'll never forget that," says a party member who's been

loyal to Buchanan ever since.

Nor are people likely to forget his first official act the morning after he was first elected premier of Nova Scotia in 1978: To the considerable astonishment

the party is doing well, Tory insiders maintain. "John wins because of the type of person he is," says Gerald Doucet, who ran against Buchanan in the 1971 leadership contest. "He reflects the people of Nova Scotia."

Certainly, his background reflects the overwhelmingly Scottish flavor of the province he runs in the autocratic manner of the old clan chiefs.

PHOTOS BY ERIC HAYES



John Buchanan: "He reflects the people of Nova Scotia"

of passing motorists, the premier-elect and his wife stood in the middle of the Armdale Rotary, Halifax's busiest intersection, at 7 a.m., waving and smiling and holding a sign that read, "Thank you."

That gesture epitomizes Buchanan's downhome style and helps explain why he's still premier today. And why — despite the province's sad financial state, despite rumblings of discontent in the provincial Tory caucus, despite controversies caused by his cabinet's policies — his prospects for another term in office look very bright indeed. At this midway point in his second term, he's running well ahead of the party in popularity polls conducted by the Tories. And

John MacLennan Buchanan was born in Sydney on April 22, 1931, of pure Scotch-Presbyterian stock — families with names such as Buchanan, Campbell, MacLennan, MacLeod. His ancestors had all been part of the 19th-century immigration of Highland Scots to northern Nova Scotia. His two grandfathers worked in the coal mines. His father, Murdoch, was a self-made man who studied at night to work his way up to a job as chief accountant at the Dominion Steel and Coal Co. When he died, John, the fifth and youngest child, was only 11. His strong-willed mother, Flora Buchanan, was a great admirer of hard work and self-reliance. "She had a tremendous influence on him," says his sister, Dorothy Quinlan, who still lives in the family homestead, a green, two-storey house on Sydney's Park Street. Once, the energetic youngster even devised a wake-up mechanism that would give him a start on the day before the rest of the family: He attached his pillow to a long piece of string, then tied the other end to a rock and lowered it out the window

so that an early-rising friend could yank him awake.

Buchanan, who now brags that he's a director of the oldest Scottish society in the world, the Buchanan society of Glasgow, might have been thinking of his Calvinistic background when he wrote one of his first political speeches. In it, he promised to try to rekindle "the traditional values of self-reliance, hard work, thrift, ingenuity and individualism" in Nova Scotia.

They are virtues that stand out in his own life. To finance his education, he worked as a sales clerk at Eaton's, a general laborer at the Sydney steel plant (for a full year and during university holidays), a bill collector for General

Motors, an award-winning car salesman, a timekeeper and stevedore on the Halifax waterfront, a snack bar operator, a pedlar of vacuum cleaners and encyclopedias and an assembly line worker at a Hamilton, Ont., plant that made refrigerator rail cars.

At university, he had a reputation as a student to whom good marks came easily. Tory MP Bob Coates, a former schoolmate at Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B., recalls that Buchanan used to cram around the clock for exams. "He was always getting it together at the last minute and doing well," Coates says. By the time he finished school, Buchanan had an engineering certificate and science degree from Mount Allison, course work toward a degree in metallurgical engineering from Nova Scotia Technical College in Halifax and a law degree from Dalhousie University. (At one point, he was accepted at medical school, but by then he was tiring of the classroom.)

A year before he entered law school, while he was working as a bill collector, he met 18-year-old Mavis Forsyth at a dance in Digby. Three months later, in 1954, they were married. While Buchanan was articling at a Halifax law firm, he worked the midnight shift at Foundation Engineering, rushed home at 8 a.m. to change clothes for his day job and then looked after their first child while Mavis worked the evening shift as a telephone operator for Maritime Tel and Tel.

In 1958, Buchanan was admitted to the bar and started a successful legal career with Halifax lawyer Ralph Med-jack before hanging up his own shingle — first in downtown Halifax, next in Spryfield, then a fast-growing district just southwest of Halifax. He also dabbled in real estate: At one time he had interest in two motels, two commercial buildings and some apartment buildings. Nancy King, his former law secretary and now president of the Tory women's

group in Buchanan's riding, says she was always amazed by his energy and efficiency. "Whatever John took on, he lived it, ate it and breathed it," she says.

At university, Buchanan was a Liberal, like his father, but he says he found the Grits "too disciplined. I didn't want to be hemmed in." Through the influence of prominent Tories of the day — Robert Stanfield and, above all, John Diefenbaker — he switched sides. He first met Diefenbaker at a reception at Halifax's Lord Nelson Hotel in 1962. When their paths crossed about a year



The premier with fellow clansman Walter Buchanan

later in the same hotel, Diefenbaker astonished Buchanan by remembering his name. It was the kind of feat for which the Nova Scotia premier later became famous. And it was one of many lessons he learned from The Chief, a man Buchanan describes today as "the ultimate in individuals."

When Diefenbaker came to Nova Scotia for a Tory picnic, Buchanan recalls, the two men went to see the tidal bore at Truro, N.S., and then headed for the nearby Palliser restaurant. The owner signalled the two politicians to skip the long lineup, and Buchanan

headed to a seat. Then he turned around to see Diefenbaker walking to the end of the queue, refusing any special treatment. "I'll never forget that lesson," Buchanan says.

His political career was launched one night in the mid-Sixties in a Spryfield basement. Reg Allen, a friend who works for Imperial Oil, says he and Buchanan hatched a scheme that involved making a presentation to a royal commission on adding a new provincial riding for Halifax. "It was a bit presumptuous of us, but we carved out a safe seat and decided John would run if it was mainly a Protestant area, and since I was a Catholic, I'd run if it was more RC." The commission adopted their recommendation almost to a street. And, because the riding was predominantly Protestant, Buchanan ran in 1967 in the new riding of Halifax Atlantic.

Elevated to the cabinet, he served briefly as minister of Fisheries and Public Works. According to a cabinet colleague of that time, he was a minister who did his homework, but he was hardly a star. So when the Conservatives started looking for a successor to leader G. I. "Ike" Smith after the government was defeated in 1970, heir apparent Gerald Doucet was surprised when Buchanan phoned to say he planned to run. The party establishment was even more surprised when he won.

Provincial Tory party president Helen Gillis says he simply "out-stomped" his opponents. "He had support sewn up before the other two candidates even started." His wife, Mavis, credits his success to his common touch. "During the campaign, one adviser told John to get rid of the farm boy image in his speeches," she says. "But John wouldn't do that. He could only say what he felt. It all came from the heart."

Whatever his winning formula, it didn't work in his first provincial election as party leader. In 1974, Liberal leader Gerald Regan handed the Conservatives their worst election defeat in two decades, and that led to rumblings of a "dump Buchanan" movement. But when the Tories held their annual meeting in 1976, Buchanan tried a tactic used successfully by Diefenbaker more than 10 years earlier: As soon as the convention opened, he demanded an immediate secret vote on the leadership issue.

The strategy worked; almost 90% of delegates voted to keep him on. At this point, Helen Gillis says, "the party got confidence in him, and he got confidence in himself. He suddenly seemed like a young Dief, the fighter."

He already was fighting the next provincial election. Party workers say he started campaigning like a man possessed, the day after the Tory defeat. "You saw him, at every church hall, every legion, every country fair or parade," says Acadia University political scientist Agar Adamson. By the time the next election rolled around, Adamson

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says, he'd probably grasped the hand of every Nova Scotian.

It paid off. Buchanan surpassed his own expectations by winning 31 of the 52 seats. At age 47, he was sworn in as the 20th premier of Nova Scotia — the biggest thrill of the occasion being a surprise visit from Diefenbaker, who attended a provincial swearing-in ceremony for the first time. (Buchanan says his proudest moment of all time was being asked to act as honorary pallbearer at Diefenbaker's funeral.) He won an even bigger victory in his second election, in 1981; the Tories now hold 38 seats.

But he hasn't slowed down a bit. "His stamina and drive truly amaze," says Health Minister Gerald Sheehy, a personal friend. Buchanan averages about three hours of sleep a night. "A person gets more tired from boredom than anything else," he says. "If you're bored or tired, it means you're not working." Dr. Ernie Johnson, a friend who's also the Buchanan family doctor, says Buchanan has "a tremendous capacity" for physical and mental stress. "John has one speed and that's flat out," he says.

Buchanan's relaxation, Johnson says, is his family. "He is keen on the solidarity and stability of the family unit." The Buchanans have five children — Murdoch, 28, Travis, 25 (both married), and Nichola, 20, Natalie, 15, and Natasha, 9, at home. Mavis says she has to run the household and act as the handyman — "John has lots of brains but no common sense." But he is a homebody. He often has his aides drive him back to Halifax from distant points in the province in the small hours of the morning so that he can be with his children. Although he's rarely home for supper, he often cooks breakfast and phones instructions to his staff on a recording device so that he doesn't have to leave for the office until after 9 a.m. He tries to make Saturday family day; he shops for groceries, takes the children on excursions and cooks supper (his specialty is meat chop suey). "I am rather a clannish person," he says. "I like to be close to kin." He keeps in frequent touch with other relatives, especially his brother and three sisters. "He really is a family man," says former assistant Ted Larsen. "A lot of that comes from his Cape Breton background, where people had to stick together to help each other out."



"A person gets more tired from boredom than anything else"



"Who's more fun than people?"

His sense of loyalty, bred into his Scottish bones, extends to his community, as well. Twenty-four years ago, with \$800 he borrowed for a down payment, he bought a house in Spryfield — not considered the most exclusive of addresses — and the family has lived on the same wooded lot ever since. You won't find Buchanan at the symphony or theatre, or on the dinner party circuit in Halifax's fashionable South End. You will see him at Spryfield functions: He's belonged to the local Lions Club and the United Church for 22 years and the Boy Scouts for a dozen. He's also done a lot of free legal work for community groups. "If I had all the money owed to John in legal fees," a friend says, "I could retire." The riding has rewarded his loyalty by giving him the biggest majorities in the province in the past two elections.

Over the years, he's kept the same circle of friends and the same inner circle of advisers, including lawyer Joe MacDonald and political aide Joe Clarke. Loyalty, of course, can be just

another word for patronage. Many of his supporters have landed cushy jobs on various provincial boards and commissions, and as small claims court judges. "I think if people go out of their way to be loyal," Buchanan says, "I have an obligation to help them in any way I can. Who says the Liberals have a market on competence?"

He also has an intense attachment to his home province. His early speeches echoed the old line that Nova Scotia had been sold out by Confederation — a theory to which many voters are sympathetic — and he's honed the practice of fed-bashing to a fine art: Ottawa is to blame for all the province's problems.

His emotional ties are much more with New England than with Upper Canada. He says he feels more comfortable in Boston than in Toronto. "It's tradition for us to be close to the northeastern states," he says. He welcomes foreign investment and advocates free trade with the United States. This summer, he spent a brief holiday in Boston, visiting his sister Isabelle, but he says he spent most of the time lobbying New England governments and utilities.

Once the mecca for Maritimers going down the road, New England is now crucial to Nova Scotia's offshore future. When he won the 1978 election, Buchanan's first major speech was in Portland, Me., where he promised to sell Atlantic Canadian energy to New England. At the time, he was thinking of Nova Scotia coal, but now he's peddling tidal power and natural gas from offshore. Reserves off Nova Scotia's east coast won't be developed without firm markets in New England, and Buchanan knows it.

He spends a lot of time making speeches in New York, Boston and Alberta about his two favorite topics — Nova Scotia and its potential energy developments. He's thrilled by the idea that oilmen are switching 10-gallon hats for sou'westers while he's at the helm. At the opening of an oil company office in Halifax in May, he told about being asked to make a speech in Alberta. "The topic was business opportunities for Albertans in Nova Scotia," he said with obvious pride. "Boy, that was pretty good."

In politics, especially on the subject of the offshore, he is an incurable optimist, forever holding upbeat news con-

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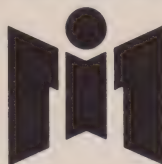
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Buchanan's "stamina and drive truly amaze"

ferences on the most minute aspects of energy development. He would have you believe that Nova Scotia will be the pace setter in economic progress in the next decade. And that a \$25-billion tidal power project — which is still beset with massive engineering and environmental problems — is just around the corner. "You know," he says, "I laugh when I hear the opposition on the attack sometimes. People here don't like to hear doom and gloom."

His political style is low-key rather than flamboyant; he's no stirring visionary. He is out to please, not to dazzle. And he is a charming man. "Other politicians would be looking over your shoulder to see who else is around to talk to," Bob Coates observes. "John gives his undivided attention and makes you feel like the most important person in the world." Aide Joe Clarke says the premier "never loses his cool. No matter what the hour, he keeps his equilibrium." Last year, he won political points by signing an offshore deal with Ottawa while Premier Brian Peckford of Newfoundland continued his long war with the feds on that issue. "Clearly," says

Liberal Gerald Regan, "he is easier to get along with than the other premiers." The only personality flaw his supporters can come up with — and they have to be prodded — is his habit of always being late. "I don't know anyone I admire more than John," says his sister Dorothy.

His provincial political foes are not quite so adulatory. NDP leader Alexa McDonough says the "cult of personality" attached to the premier epitomizes what is wrong with politics. "He charms people into not looking at the the real problems," she says. "The deception turns into self-deception. He only tells

people what they want to hear," Liberal leader Sandy Cameron says. "John's a fine fellow, but he only acts out of political expediency. People are going to catch on."

Buchanan's critics maintain that his homespun philosophy is no philosophy at all. "Buchanan is only a wishy-washy Liberal," one political opponent charges. "He tries to cover all his bases and hurt no one." The premier does try to avoid issues as controversial as abortion, but he can't always avoid offending. In catering to the Michelin tire company by passing an anti-union bill, he's angered

organized labor. In accommodating the forest industry on the issue of spraying herbicides, he's alienated the environmentalists. In passing a law taking unwed teenage mothers off social assistance, and by failing to field a single female candidate in the last election, he hasn't exactly curried favor with the women's movement.

But he is criticized most for his financial policies. During his years in office, Nova Scotia's unemployment rate has risen from about 9% to about 13%. The province's credit rating has fallen to the level of Newfoundland's. The province's

The no-frills political wife

When the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Nova Scotia in June, Mavis Buchanan was miserable. The premier and his wife had to accompany the royal couple for three days on a round of glittering formal affairs, and she hates protocol, feels uncomfortable in the limelight. "I've never gone through anything so nerve-wracking and tiring in my life," she says.

A few weeks later, she's chatting, somewhat reluctantly, to a reporter in her baroque, pink-and-blue-velvet living room, drinking tea and smoking one cigarette after another. It's taken weeks to persuade her to be interviewed. "I couldn't care less what people think about me," she says. "But I'd worry myself sick if I thought I might say or do something that John wouldn't like."

Throughout most of her husband's political career, the premier's wife has avoided political rallies, shunned the cocktail circuit, fled microphones.

But it's the offbeat, earthy Mavis who's the Buchanan with the memorable personality. And some Tories say she is one of the main reasons her husband has such a loyal following in his home riding.

Mavis Buchanan doesn't quite fit the usual image of the sophisticated premier's wife. In her late 40s (her exact age is "one of my last secrets," she says), she's a blonde, sturdy, humorous woman, given to sometimes-salty language and blunt observations ("I'm a far better Christian than most of the people who go to church on Sunday just to be seen"). She's a no-frills person who does her own hair and makeup and cares little about fashion; her idea of a shopping spree is to dash over to the Spryfield shopping mall for an off-the-rack dress.

On a table in her living room, there's a photograph, taken this year in Banff, Alta., of Mavis in blue jeans, plaid shirt and bandana — a costume that suits her style. With her almost-Southern drawl, it's easy to picture her in a country bar, belting out hurtin' tunes into a microphone. "All Mavis has to do is walk into a room," says one Halifax Tory, "and you can hear Tammy Wynette singing, 'Stand By Your Man.'"

People who know her all tell you the same thing: Mavis Buchanan is down-to-earth, genuine and very, very nice. "Sure, she speaks when she shouldn't," a political acquaintance says, "but you always know where you stand with Mavis. There's

no hypocrisy." Provincial Development Minister Roland Thornhill says she appeals to people from all walks of life. "What you see is what you get. And it's a time in society when people have a grudging respect for those who remain what they are."

On the rare occasions when she does attend a political meeting, she always gets a huge ovation. Yet it's not likely she'd ever be recruited for the speaking circuit at election time, as was former premier Gerald Regan's wife, Carol. And she's not the active political partner that Maureen McTeer was to Joe Clark ("See what happens when there's two politicians in the family," Mavis comments). It's tempting to compare her to Olive Diefenbaker, the loyal wife and homemaker in the background. But, in many ways, Mavis is in a class by herself. She's independent-minded — she admits she likes Pierre Trudeau and doesn't care for Brian Mulroney — yet self-effacing. "Look," she says, "I'm nothing special. People always expect me to build myself up as something I'm not. All I do is take care of a house, a yard and kids, and that's it."

A homebody, she loves fussing over her children (three daughters live at home), chauffeuring them around town, baking for them, taking them to the family cottage at Pigott Lake in Hants County. She believes that workaholic politicians such as her husband are cheating themselves. "It's almost like I have no husband," she says. "John misses so much, especially the little things." (In one recent week, she observes, he missed a birthday party, a graduation and a track and field meet.) She's proud of the fact that the family has turned out well, even though she's almost had to be a single parent. "They're good kids. They always knew their mother was home."

Mavis also looks after an elderly aunt who lives with the Buchanans. And she's the type of neighbor who's first to show up when someone is sick or needs help. The household seems to have an open-door policy for friends who want to drop in for tea — and perhaps listen to Kenny Rogers, one of Mavis' favorite singers, or have a singsong around the off-white piano her mother used to play at the silent movies for 50 cents a night.

One friend, Doris McGrath, says the Buchanan home has become a sort of community centre. "There's her kids, all their friends of all ages, the TV, the animals, her aunt — and phone calls morning, noon and night. What a place."

Her pets this summer included three dogs and four cats (the number depends on whether Mavis has taken in more strays) and a fluctuating number of angora rabbits. She's an active member of the Kindness Club, is helping set up a spay-neuter

(continued on page 23)



Mavis Buchanan is down-to-earth, genuine and very, very nice

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net debt has tripled. At a time when the provincial government set a 6% ceiling on public service wages, MLAs increased their own salaries by 14%. Taxes and power rates have gone up, and health, education and social services have been cut.

Gerald Regan says it was Buchanan's insistent hammering away at the power rate issue that led to the Liberal defeat in 1978. Now the same issue is coming back to haunt the Tories. The day in December that Buchanan announced power rates would increase in two stages of 9% and 8% over the next six months, the Public Utilities Board reported that the increases would be in the 18% and 12% range. In July, a new hike of 4% was tacked on without notice. The hubbub inspired critics to question the honesty of a politician who once campaigned on the slogan, "Honest, it's John for Nova Scotia."

One of Buchanan's virtues — his strong sense of loyalty — could turn out to be a weakness. He kept on the same tired cabinet for years, and he has brushed off suggestions he should reprimand the outspoken attorney-general, Harry How, for anti-labor and anti-human-rights statements, or the equally controversial Lands and Forests minister, George Henley (his department branded environmentalists "subversives"). Since Buchanan assumed office, the cabinet has made 284 patronage appointments, a third more than the former Liberal government. One of Buchanan's most controversial appointments was that of ex-lawyer and Tory supporter Paddy Fitzgerald, who'd been convicted of rape and tax evasion, to a job with the Nova Scotia Liquor Commission.

But the premier's biggest flaw may be his insistence on running a one-man show *à la* Diefenbaker (who once remarked, "I ask myself if a thing is right, and if it is, I do it"). "John wants to be the boss," Mavis says bluntly. "He is always right and everyone else is wrong."

The premier concedes that his method of making decisions may not always be a good one. "Sometimes I realize I should have taken others into my confidence," he says. "It could be a valid criticism. You've got to be careful about that."

But it already seems to have alienated and demoralized a large part of the public service. "He just goes ahead and does what he wants," one disgruntled bureaucrat says. "No wonder he's bankrupting the province." Another contends that Buchanan runs "one of the most haphazard, sloppy, actually, I'd bet the worst administration there is in Canada."

The dissatisfaction has spread to his caucus: Many Tory MLAs privately resent the premier's autocratic style. That feeling surfaced this spring while Brian Mulroney was in Nova Scotia campaign-

ing for the national Tory leadership. At a gathering of the provincial Tory caucus, he innocently promised to run "a team government, just like John Buchanan." Mulroney didn't understand why the meeting erupted in laughter.

Could the discontent grow into a full-fledged party revolt, the kind that did in Buchanan's hero, John Diefenbaker? Perhaps. But not while the premier remains as popular as he is with the grassroots voter. And he's not the kind of politician who takes his popularity for granted. He works at it.


It's midsummer: The premier is heading for the Tory nomination meeting in Trenton, N.S., where Mulroney will be chosen to run in the Central Nova byelection.



Cooking breakfast for the family

tion. Buchanan's son Murdoch drives the family Oldsmobile while the premier chats with a reporter in the back seat.

In Trenton, he makes a quick stop at a local high school, where there's a ceremony marking the 100th anniversary of the first pouring of steel in Canada. Buchanan talks to the crowd about his Scottish roots, and then dashes down the street to the nomination meeting. He shakes hundreds of hands in the course of the evening — Tory supporters, security guards, people manning the refreshment booths.

On the way home in the car, his first thoughts are obviously not about the new national Tory leader, or about the byelection that's supposed to give Mulroney a seat in Parliament, or about federal Conservatives prospects in general. "Did you see?" he asks, beaming. "I got not one, but *two* standing ovations." 

(continued from page 21)

clinic and is honorary president of a fund-raising arm of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. Margaret Stanbury, a friend and animal welfare activist, says Mavis is in the front lines of any organization she joins. "Mavis is an idea person," she says. "She's always having meetings at her house. If Mavis says she'll do something, she's right after it."

Despite her dislike for the political limelight, she works hard at election time, campaigning, helping out at constituency organization dances and fund-raising activities.

And she has become so adept at dealing with the stream of phone calls to the Buchanan house and directing problems to government staff, some people say she's practically running her husband's riding of Halifax Atlantic.

John Buchanan says Mavis is a real plus to his career. "I think it's an asset to have a wife who is so basic and down to earth and has the rare ability to get along with people of every vocation or whatever," he says. When you tell Mavis about this comment, she seems a bit surprised and embarrassed. "I really don't know if John feels that way," she says. "We don't talk much anymore. There just isn't time."

Being the wife of a man consumed by politics is obviously a lonely life: Mavis says she didn't expect things to turn out this way when she met John about 30 years ago at a dance in Digby, N.S. She was an 18-year-old telephone operator from Bear River, N.S. They were married three months later, and she's been in his shadow ever since.

Friends say she is an emotional person who has learned to hide her feelings and plug along gallantly when she's feeling miserable. She concedes that a life devoted to family, friends and community has left little time for herself. "Yes, I have to do things I don't want to do because of politics," she says. "I've always done what the kids want, what John wants, but never what I wanted."

What does she want? A chance to be more independent, she says. Get a job, have her own income — perhaps even escape to a log cabin. But, for the moment, at least, she's stuck with the pressures of political life.

This summer, a delegation of angry housewives marched on the Buchanan home one afternoon to protest against sewage problems at nearby Herring Cove. By the time Mavis had finished talking to them, they left satisfied, feeling that somebody had finally listened.

Once again, Mavis, by simply being herself, had managed the kind of feat that has prompted one Nova Scotia politician to remark, "You know, if Mavis ran in Halifax Atlantic, she'd probably do better than John."



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There's more to cranberries than sauce

By Pat Lotz

In the 30-odd years since Beatrice Ross Buszek left Nova Scotia for the United States, she has had two careers: As wife and mother, and as a psychologist who has worked in several leading American universities and research institutions. In 1976, her three children having "left the nest," she returned to Nova Scotia and, almost accidentally, embarked on a third career — cookbook writer.

She bought a little house in the Annapolis Valley community of Granville Centre and called it Cranberry Cottage, for the cranberry bog it overlooked. Up till then she had thought of cranberries only as sauce for turkeys, but when the cranberries in front of her cottage ripened in the fall, she began experimenting with recipes. The result was *The Cranberry Connection*, 400 recipes interspersed with "facts and folklore" about the cranberry, which she published and marketed herself, selling 10,000 copies in the Maritimes alone. (This book, and the two that followed, *The Blueberry Connection* and *The Sugarbush Connection*, are now distributed by the Canadian publisher Douglas & McIntyre.) Buszek was delighted when Time-Life Inc. asked to use two of her cranberry recipes in the fruits and berries book in their multi-volume cooking series.

She hasn't stopped at cookbooks, though. Among her current projects are the reprinting of a 1908 fishing and camping guide to Nova Scotia and a series of storybooks for "little children and their grandmothers." Does this mean no more cookbooks? "I was absolutely determined not to do another cookbook," she says. But after many letters, several from as far away as Ohio, "I've finally given in." Next spring, the strawberry will join Buszek's other connections.

The following recipes from her book prove that you can serve cranberry in connection with your Thanksgiving dinner in many ways other than sauce.

Champagne Punch

- 1 fifth champagne
- 2 28-oz. bottles ginger ale, chilled
- 4 cups orange juice, chilled
- 1 32-oz. bottle cranberry juice cocktail, chilled

Combine ingredients in large punch bowl with ice. Serve at once.

North Mountain Coldslaw

- 1/4 cup sliced cranberries
- 1 tbsp. liquid honey
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. vinegar

- 3 cups shredded cabbage

Combine cranberries, honey and celery seed and let stand 15 minutes. Stir in mayonnaise and vinegar, and pour mixture over cabbage. Season with salt.

Sausage Stuffing Balls

- 1 lb. bulk pork sausage
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 8-oz. package herb-seasoned stuffing mix
- 3/4 cup chopped cranberries
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 cup chicken broth

In a skillet, cook sausage, onion and celery until meat is lightly browned and the vegetables are tender. Spoon off fat. Combine meat mixture and stuffing mix, stir in chopped cranberries, egg and chicken broth. Mix well. Shape into 8-10 balls. Place in a 16 1/2 x 10 1/2-inch baking dish, brush with melted butter and bake in a 350° F. oven for 30 minutes. Arrange the stuffing balls around the turkey.

Cranberry Bread

- 2 cups cranberries, halved
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 orange (juice and grated peel)
- 3 tbsp. shortening

- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup chopped citron peel
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Add 1/4 cup sugar to berries and set aside. Sift together remaining sugar and next three ingredients. Combine squeezed orange juice with enough additional orange or cranberry juice to make 3/4 cup liquid, add grated rind, and beaten egg. Pour all at once into dry ingredients, mixing just enough to dampen. Carefully fold in chopped nuts, cranberries and citron peel. Spread evenly in a greased, 9x5x3-inch loaf pan and bake for 1 hour in preheated 350° F. oven. Cool. Slices best if stored overnight.

Cookbook writer Buszek



Muffin Surprise

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
3 $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
1 egg, well beaten
1 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cooking oil or shortening
1 can jellied cranberry

Sift dry ingredients together. Combine next three ingredients and stir into dry mixture. Fill greased muffin pans $\frac{1}{3}$ full. Cut cranberry jelly into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes and sprinkle over batter in pan, then cover with remaining batter. Bake in preheated 400° F. oven for 25 minutes. Makes 12 muffins.

Rice Pudding Mould

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup uncooked long-grain rice
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1 can (14-oz.) cranberry sauce
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup kirsch
2 eggs, separated
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup whipping cream

In saucepan, combine rice, water and salt. Bring to a boil and simmer for 15 minutes. Combine gelatin, cranberry and kirsch in a small saucepan and stir over low heat until dissolved. Stir into rice mixture. Beat egg yolks with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Stir a small amount of rice into yolks, then add this mixture to the rest

of the rice. Cook and stir over low heat 2-3 minutes. Fold in candied fruit and peel. Chill until mixture mounds. Beat egg whites until frothy. Gradually add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar until mixture forms stiff peaks. Fold whipped cream and egg whites into rice mixture and turn into a 6-cup mould. Chill overnight. Unmould and serve with cranberry rum sauce (recipe follows) in a small dish.

Cranberry Rum Sauce

2 cups cranberries
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
1 tsp. shredded orange peel
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. shredded lemon peel
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rum 2 tbsp. butter

Combine first five ingredients. Bring to a boil and simmer for 10 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in rum and butter.

Pumpkin Surprise Pie

1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cranberry sauce
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups pumpkin
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
3 eggs
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups evaporated milk
2 tsp. pumpkin pie spice
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt

Spread cranberry in bottom of pie

shell. Mix pumpkin with the remaining ingredients and beat until smooth. Pour over sauce in pie shell. Bake in preheated 400° F. oven for 50 minutes. When cool, garnish with cranberry syrup (recipe follows).


Cranberry Syrup

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
1 tbsp. cornstarch
1 cup cranberry juice

Combine ingredients in saucepan and cook over medium heat until thick. Add a few drops of red food coloring. Cool. Makes about 1 cup syrup.

Cranberry Chocolate Candy

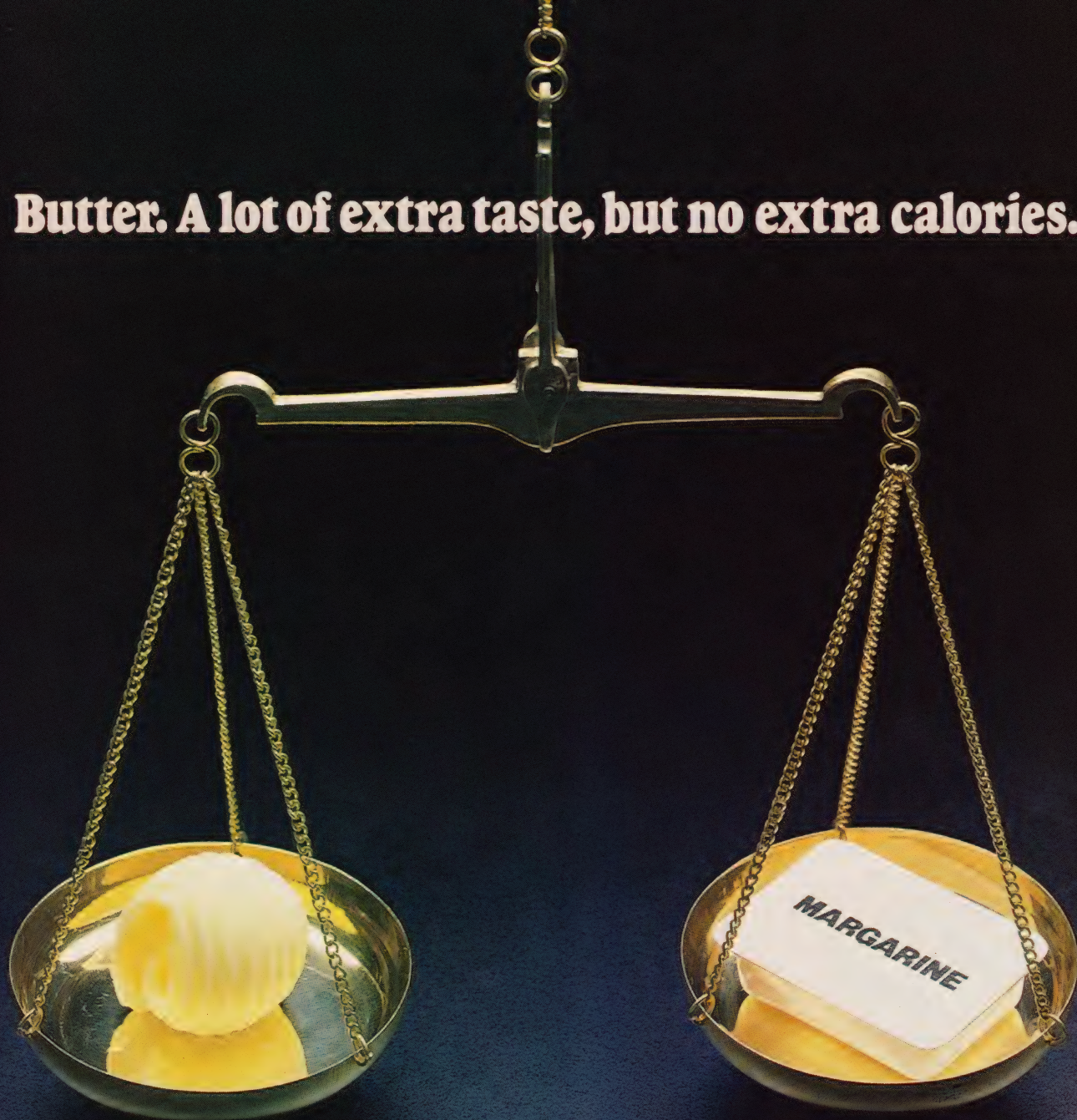
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups cranberries
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 6-oz. package semi-sweet chocolate bits
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup evaporated milk
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla
4 cups crushed graham crackers
2 cups tiny marshmallows
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pecans

Bring berries and sugar to a boil in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and simmer 3 minutes. Drain, reserving 2 tbsp. syrup. Melt chocolate with milk, stirring until smooth. Add vanilla and stir in remaining ingredients, cranberries and reserved syrup. Pat into well-greased 9x9x2-inch dish. Chill to firm. 



DAVID NICHOLS

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Lemon Parsley Butter Always keep a little on hand.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup (125 mL) soft butter
2 tbsp. (25 mL) lemon juice
2 tbsp. (25 mL) chopped parsley
Salt

Cream butter; beat in lemon juice, parsley and salt to taste. Let stand 1 hour to blend flavours. Use to perk up the flavour of vegetables or fish. Makes about $\frac{3}{4}$ cup (175 mL).

P.S. Refrigerate to store.

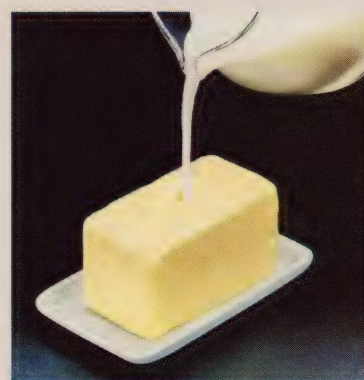
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**It only takes a little butter
to make a lot of difference.**

Cruising the cruise

On the east coast, pushing peace, much less protest, is a risky, thankless business

The conflict over the testing of the cruise missile in Canada and the buildup of nuclear arsenals generally won't likely be settled by what happens in the Atlantic provinces. Yet the tenor of the debate here — if it can be called a debate — is different than in the rest of the country and that difference is worth noting. It illustrates some ominous points about war and peace.

The first thing to notice is the weakness of the peace movement in the region. A few hardy souls from the Voice of Women, the activist side of the churches and the NDP keep their vigils, but it's nothing on the scale of protests elsewhere. It's true that we're a little staid on the east coast and not known for protesting generally. But in this case there's more to the story.

A leader in the peace movement in Halifax tells me that it's not easy to get people out when virtually everybody has friends or relatives in the military. This is particularly so in Halifax, where 28,000 people, or more than a quarter of the workforce, are employed either directly or indirectly by the military. On a lesser scale it's the case with the Atlantic provinces as a whole, which for various reasons (partly strategic, partly for economic development) are liberally sprinkled with military bases — certainly far more per capita than the rest of Canada.

Somehow even this relatively benign military presence makes the real meaning of "peace" suspect — gives it overtones of a loss of jobs and influence. Everyone, of course, wants peace as Prime Minister Trudeau told protesters in Charlottetown in June. The difference, which he did not point out, is between the peace of disarmament and the peace of an escalating military standoff which brings the world ever closer to the brink.

The official line is nowhere more evident than in the region's newspaper editorial pages. It's not clear whether it's the word "peace" or "protest" that is so upsetting to Atlantic Canada's editorial writers — surely the country's most militant. They denounce peace protesters as appeasers, Communist dupes and violence-prone subversives with an ardor that would earn a snappy salute from the most devout of Ronald Reagan's hawks.

The state of the navy has even found its way into the argument. A Senate report early this summer came up with the startling view that the rundown state of the navy increased the risk of nuclear war — any perceived weakness in the NATO ranks being an encouragement to the Russians to attack.

What all this amounts to is that those who set the tone for this one-sided debate are notoriously eager subscribers to the line laid down by the American right wing: That the Russians are on the march and America and the West are mortally vulnerable. The West must arm mightily and quickly — the MX, the Pershing, the trident must be deployed and increased. And, as echoed in Canada, the cruise.

Anyone taking even marginal trouble to follow the nuclear debate unfolding in the U.S. will know that this is very thin propaganda. Not just the Reagan administration's habitual critics, but prestigious outfits like the United States Strategic Institute, made up of the highest ranking retired officers, have seen fit to debunk the myth of American vulnerability and Soviet advantage.

"It's not clear whether it's the word 'peace' or 'protest' that is so upsetting to Atlantic Canada's editorial writers — surely the country's most militant"

The Soviet Union has escalated the arms race by over-arming eastern Europe. We might even agree with Ronald Reagan that the Soviet Union is an "evil empire." Yet how rarely do we hear the rest of the story: That nearly all major escalations in the arms race have been the result of new technologies introduced by the United States — from the atomic bomb itself through to the present bag of goodies. The U.S. invests in an impossible quest for nuclear superiority and the Soviets quickly copy.

The introduction of cruise missiles, which are elusive to radar and will encourage hair-trigger responses, and the Pershings, which can be retargeted in minutes, are technological escalations far beyond the Russian threat. The Russians, after all, have offered to cut their missiles to the number possessed by Britain and France and military analysts have pointed out that, at any rate, NATO can counter the threat with its submarine force.


The brouhaha over Europe is occurring because Ronald Reagan has wanted to escalate — to "get the drop on the Russians," as one of his officials put it in the idiom of 1950s cowboy movies. Here, as elsewhere, we are being marshalled according to a militaristic right wing political vision. When Canadian Admiral Robert Falls said in the spring that NATO had more than enough missiles for its defence,

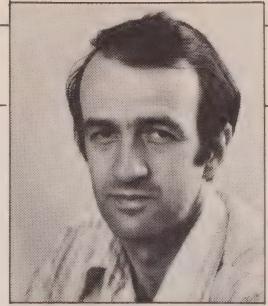
the NATO brass fell on him like a ton of bricks. Not that he was wrong, they admitted, but his "timing" was wrong. Our Senate and editorialists may delude themselves into thinking that our contribution has a significant strategic impact on the balance of forces, but in reality Canada's role is to support American strategy no matter what it is and not to break the image of NATO's political single-mindedness. In other words, we are expected mostly to shut up.

The peace movement doesn't articulate very well, made up as it is of disparate elements. Nevertheless it reflects a profound need. That need is for an act of faith—for someone to take the first step in de-escalating before it's too late. Since we—the West—are technologically superior and fancy ourselves to be morally superior to the godless Commies, it is then up to us to make the first move, in the hope the other side will respond. For Canada, that would mean not testing the cruise. If the Soviets didn't respond, and took advantage of our good will to escalate, what difference would it make over the present situation? The two sides together have 50,000 nuclear warheads—500 of which could destroy civilization, 1,000 of which could likely snuff out the human race entirely.

Another aspect of the debate can be limned in Atlantic Canada. Naval officers talk of the need to convoy goods across the Atlantic in the event of war in Europe. Letters to the editor compare the mythical Russian advance to Hitler's aggressions. We are preparing to fight the Second World War all over again according to the dictum that generals always prepare to fight the last war. Frighteningly, not everyone—especially not everyone in the military establishments—has grasped that nuclear war is not war as we have known it.

In the Atlantic provinces we are rich — if that's the word — in monuments of a militarism accumulated over the centuries. Our forts, redoubts, martello towers are now, of course, merely sites for tourists. Yet are we not meant to conclude, in viewing them, that they served noble purposes? In reality what they illustrate is that we—the so-called Christian West—have been living by the sword for centuries. It still goes on. The question is, can we change our ways before the second part of the equation — dying by the sword—comes down on our heads?

The peace movement is trying to change our ways but is only being reviled for it. It's not encouraging. 





Rick Moranis and Dave Thomas (third and fourth from left) in *Strange Brew*

It's the new Bob and Doug movie, eh?

Sophisticated satire it ain't. But the young should like Strange Brew

By Martin Knelman

When *SCTV*, then a little-known comedy series in syndication, moved its production from Toronto to Edmonton in 1979, it underwent a metamorphosis and emerged as a 90-minute show on NBS (at first called Network 90). But first there were some traumatic developments. Some regular cast members (John Candy and Catherine O'Hara) dropped out for a while, and others were working part-time (Eugene Levy and Andrea Martin). To shore up the depleted ranks, new recruits were needed. That's when Dave Thomas brought in Rick Moranis.

Right from the start, Thomas and Moranis hit it off. The McKenzie Brothers were born because CBC needed two minutes of extra Canadian material, but ironically this sendup of Canadian thick-headedness became phenomenally popular with Americans. Mocking the notion that the show wasn't Canadian enough, Thomas and Moranis created Bob and Doug McKenzie, a pair of

parka-wearing, beer-guzzling bumpkins with an imaginary talk show, *Great White North*, on which they discuss such pressing issues as the shortage of parking spaces at doughnut restaurants. Their ultimate putdown, "Take off, eh?" became a national craze.

But the McKenzie partnership provoked a rift with others in the group. Moranis was the new boy and the upstart, and the only member of the team who hadn't come out of the Second City cabaret show. Just what went wrong isn't clear. According to Moranis, some of the veterans became upset because Moranis was writing so much of the material, and there was a tremendous competitiveness about which performers were getting the best material and the best time spots in an episode.

"We discovered that two could work faster than seven," says Moranis, "and we started doing it on the side." A McKenzie Brothers record album turned into a surprise hit — selling a million copies, including 650,000 in the U.S.

That was quickly followed by a Hollywood film offer. The McKenzie Brothers have become such a phenomenon that their hiatus from *SCTV* appears to have become permanent. What began as a jokey accident has turned into a separate career.

Thomas and Moranis are happy about their McKenzie Brothers film, *Strange Brew*, for the simple reason that they controlled it. Financed by MGM, the movie cost \$5 million, and had a cast including Max Von Sydow and Paul Dooley. The executive producer, Jack Grossberg, told Thomas and Moranis they'd be better off directing the film themselves than trusting someone else, and they accepted his advice.

Sophisticated adult satire this isn't. It's aimed at the young market, with a story line about an evil genius trying to take over the world by spiking the beer at a brewery. The film has a buoyant, eager-to-please air, but anyone who was hoping for brilliant wit is going to be disappointed. Thomas and Moranis are the Two Stooges, and they don't have the force of personality necessary to hold the big screen. The movie may make money, but it's no more than a TV sketch blown out of proportion.

The departure of the McKenzie Brothers left a trail of bitterness at *SCTV*. At one point, Joe Flaherty, one

of the three original cast members still on the show, went so far as to say that if Thomas and Moranis were coming back to the show, he wasn't. But now he says he would love to work with them again — especially on a movie. "The problem was they became a team within the show," Flaherty says. "They wanted more control, they wanted to produce it, and when they found out they couldn't, they wanted out. Rick was very high strung, and things could get antagonistic. They probably just needed to get away for a while. I must say their contribution to the show was great, and that can't be overlooked. I'd sure rather put up with trouble from talented people than work with hacks who are easy to get along with."

SCTV producer Andrew Alexander was upset because he was frozen out of the McKenzie Brothers sidelines. Thomas and Moranis hired a tough lawyer and stuck to their guns. They claimed they'd struck out on their own because Alexander had missed the opportunity to merchandise the characters once their appeal became clear.

The McKenzie Brothers have managed to pull off something their former colleagues have wanted — not just to make a movie, but to keep control of it. For years the dream was a big *SCTV* movie, with juicy parts for everyone. A few months ago, this notion got as far as a sort of *SCTV* convention in Los Angeles, with several members huddling for brainstorming sessions, but so far nothing has come of it.

Almost everybody from the show has pursued a movie career individually. Candy has appeared in close to 20 films, including *Find a Lady*, *1941*, *Stripes*, *The Blues Brothers*, *Vacation* and the forthcoming *Splash*, a comedy directed by Ron Howard from the Disney studio. Martin Short took a role in the TV film *Sunset Limousine*. Catherine O'Hara left the show hoping to do movies instead, but so far nothing satisfactory has materialized. Her fans were so dismayed, they took to grabbing her on the street and yelling at her for quitting. She went to Los Angeles and sat in hotel rooms waiting for meetings with high-powered agents. She read for a part in the forthcoming Steve Martin movie *Lonely Guy*. Martin wanted her but director Arthur Hiller didn't. Now she's decided the only way is to write a movie for herself.

Even more frustrating was the experience of Flaherty and Levy with *Going Berserk*, to be released next month. They were brought to Universal, along with John Candy, by the Montreal producer Pierre David. Along with fellow *SCTV* writers Paul Flaherty (Joe's brother) and Paul Belucci, they wrote a spoof which was roughly patterned after *North by Northwest*. The bosses at Universal acted enthusiastic about the script, but dragged their feet about proceeding with it, partly because Gene Wilder had made a similar movie, *Hanky*

Panky. The next thing they knew, David Steinberg had been assigned to the project, and outside writers were hired to write a second draft, which, as it turned out, retained almost nothing of their material.

Although Steinberg is a graduate of the Chicago Second City and used Candy, Flaherty and Short as regulars on his old CTV comedy show in the mid-1970s, he isn't universally admired within the group. His last movie, the too-too-cute *Paternity*, with Burt Reynolds, didn't help his reputation. Steinberg wanted to use other *SCTV* performers but several of them turned him down. Levy wanted to get out of the project but was advised not to break his contract.

Steinberg kept promising there would be changes, but Flaherty, for one, became more and more disenchanted as shooting progressed. "David is very smart, and he loves the idea of being a director," says Flaherty. "He keeps talking about the *shot* and the *location*. We kept saying, 'Yeah, but what about the *content*?' " Candy, who has by far the largest role in the movie, is maintaining a discreet silence.

What got Andrew Alexander into a flap about *Going Berserk* were press references to the film as "an *SCTV* movie." He thought he had the whole thing straightened out when he ran into Steinberg at NBC in Burbank and asked him not to encourage such misconceptions. Steinberg gave the impression that he agreed with Alexander completely, and told him not to worry. A couple of weeks later, Alexander turned on his TV set one night and found Steinberg hosting the *Tonight* show. Doc asked him what he'd been doing lately, and Steinberg said he had just finished "a movie with *SCTV*."

Educating Rita


The tables have been turned on Michael Caine, who 20 years ago burst forward on movie screens as the upstart Cockney Alfie. In this current film, based on Willy Russell's hit London play of the same name, Caine plays the hard-drinking, rumpled old professor who is challenged and invigorated by a working-class girl with a flaky personality and a passion for higher learning. It's a contemporary variation of Shaw's *Pygmalion*, of course, with snippets of *Norma Rae*. Caine is a plump, unkempt failed poet, a relative perhaps of Alan Bates' Butley. As played by newcomer Julie Walters, his eager student is a pink-haired, engagingly rough-edged hairdresser. Her doltish husband would prefer to have her ignorant and pregnant, and walks out when she refuses to give up scholarship. The movie condescends to him but eventually comes round to his point of view. The more

Rita learns about Blake and Chekhov, it seems, the less amusing she becomes. (This was also the problem with Eliza Dolittle and with Billie Dawn in *Born Yesterday*.) Surprise, surprise, her mentor wonders whether he's created a monster. The transition from stage to screen isn't completely successful — we can detect the bones of the intimate play first presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company at its Warehouse space — and director Lewis Gilbert, using Dublin locations, hasn't gone beyond the perfunctory in opening up the material. The big screen emphasizes the contrivances, but Caine's performance is worth seeing. His seediness isn't a turnoff, and near the end, when Rita treats him to a haircut, it's like a personality transplant; it perks him right up.

Risky Business

The sleeper of the summer turns out to be the most overrated movie of the year. In this low-budget comedy about sweet, horny high school boys in a prosperous middle American suburb, we're asked to believe that a bright, good-looking lad would have to resort to phoning hookers if he wanted to take full advantage of being left alone in his parents' posh house with a Porsche in the driveway. We're also asked to believe that he would make the mistake more than once of leaving strangers alone in the house. Naturally, the parents are presented as hateful; naturally, the Porsche plunges into Lake Michigan. Why has this depressingly conventional, tepid affair, written and directed by Paul Brickman, been greeted by critics as if it were a buried treasure? The kids don't have the vitality of those in *Diner* or *Fast Times at Ridgemount High*; the movie is like a loving celebration of their codded dullness.

Zelig

Woody Allen's deft but thin comic essay about a nobody who becomes famous for turning into whoever he happens to be with. At first the newsreel technique is marvellously effective, but the audience may think this is a preamble to something, and it turns out to be the whole movie. It's a good joke on our expectations, but we emerge at the end not quite fully satisfied, though we certainly laugh a lot. It's a brilliant, one-of-a-kind tour de force, and Woody Allen's most enjoyable movie in some time, yet there's not quite enough to sustain a feature-length film. Among those who turn up in the newsreel footage are Saul Bellow, Irving Howe and Bruno Bettelheim. Mia Farrow plays the psychiatrist who tries to cure our hero. 

Can a poor Maritime kid make hockey's big leagues?

For more and more Maritime boys, that dream is coming true these days. And that's no accident

Don MacIsaac would be delighted to answer questions about Maritimers in the National Hockey League, he says, but he's too busy to talk right now. The Scott Paper Company employee — best known locally as the dedicated coach of the home-town Antigonish Novas midget hockey team — has to pack his suitcase. He's leaving first thing in the morning to transport another carload of local teenage boys to Major Junior League hockey team training camps in communities from Quebec City to Regina. In the past five days, he says, more than a dozen other boys, aged 15 to 17, have left the area on similar, hopeful journeys.

"Probably six or seven will actually make a team," MacIsaac says with obvious pride. "Before, if one or two from the whole province got that far, it was a big deal."

"Before" was before the Maritime Triple A Midget Hockey League was formed six years ago. Today, thanks largely to its success, league president Judge Bud Kimball of Windsor, N.S., boasts, "It's now possible for a kid from the Maritimes to realistically look at the possibility of getting to the National Hockey League."

More and more Maritime boys are considering pro hockey careers. Although accurate statistics are hard to come by — "To be very honest with you, I've never even thought about it before," says NHL Central Scouting Bureau director Jim Gregory when asked if more Atlantic Canadians are being drafted by NHL teams — the most recent Official NHL Guide shows 30 of about 600 players on NHL rosters were born in Atlantic Canada (12 in Nova Scotia, nine in New Brunswick, six in Prince Edward Island and three in Newfoundland).

Those numbers may not seem impressive. Maritimers are still so rare in professional hockey that Moncton's Roland Melanson and Sydney's Paul Boutilier, the only two Maritimers on the world champion New York Islanders team, have been dubbed "the fishermen" by their team-mates. But other statistics suggest that may be about to change.

One-third of those 30 Atlantic-born players, for example, are under 20 years old. Since the Maritime Midget League was formed in 1977, nearly 50 of its players have graduated to "tier one"

junior hockey teams, the usual stepping stone to professional careers. Three of them, including Boutilier, who is expected to mature into one of the NHL's top defencemen, are now in the NHL. Close to a dozen others are on the verge of making it.

The most dramatic increase in the number of young players going on to pre-professional leagues has come in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. (Prince Edward Island has long been a hockey hotbed — churning out name stars such as former Toronto great Errol Thompson and current first-ranked performers such as New Jersey's Bobby MacMillan, Toronto's Rick Vaive and Minnesota's Al MacAdam — while Newfoundland still doesn't have a top-flight hockey program.) "We don't have much



Boutilier: "Fisherman" to his team-mates

in the way of numbers to show you yet," concedes Sport Nova Scotia hockey coordinator Dan Flynn, "but the trend is clear."

The trend is no accident.

In the past, talented young hockey players from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were forced to play their midget hockey only in their own community, where there often wasn't enough competition to allow them to develop their skills. Because of that, scouts for the elite junior teams from Quebec and Ontario rarely gave them a second look. The provincial junior hockey leagues weren't geared to prepare players for the pros either, "so most boys simply ended their hockey careers after midget," Kimball says.

That bothered Don MacIsaac. So did the fact that Atlantic area teams were in-

variably humiliated at the annual Wrigley (now Air Canada) national midget hockey championships. "Our local teams would go to the tournament with maybe 1½ good lines," he recalls, "and it might be their first trip away from home. The whole experience would be such a shock and they'd be so uptight, it would all be over before they realized that, 'Hey, those guys aren't any better than I am!'"

"Kids in the Maritimes were starting out with the same skills and the same potential as boys from other parts of the country," notes Kimball, "but they weren't getting the same results."

To overcome that, MacIsaac and a few others created the new, elite midget league by dividing Nova Scotia and New Brunswick into regional geographic zones, each with its own team. The Novas, for example, draw players from Port Hawkesbury to New Glasgow, making them far more competitive than a team from just one town. Because the teams travel every weekend to play each other and often participate in tournaments outside the region — The Novas once toured Sweden — the players perform better in competitions like the national midget championships. Two years ago, Nova Scotia won a bronze medal at the tournament. That success, of course, attracts junior league scouts whose teams, in turn, will eventually showcase the young Maritime players for the NHL scouts.

"You've got to give credit to the hockey people in the Maritimes," agrees Jack Ferguson, director of central scouting for the Ontario Major Junior Hockey League, who now makes an annual scouting trip to the east coast. "The boys we're seeing are much better than they used to be. That Maritime league is producing exceptionally good players, certainly comparable to other midget leagues across the country." Ironically, says Kimball, other provinces, including Alberta, are now considering emulating the Maritime league's zone concept for their own midget hockey programs.

Despite that, however, few believe the Maritimes can yet support its own tier-one-level junior team. "We're talking about a million-dollar-a-year venture for one team [compared with \$400,000 for the entire eight-team midget league]," Kimball says. "It would be nice, but it won't happen, at least not for a while."

In the meantime, MacIsaac has to drive some kids to junior hockey training camp. "We have a lot of kids on the brink of making it big," he says. "It's just a matter of time."

Paul Boutilier hopes so. As he told a reporter recently, New York Islanders fans still "don't really know where we live. They know where Ontario and Montreal are, but beyond that, forget it."

— Stephen Kimber



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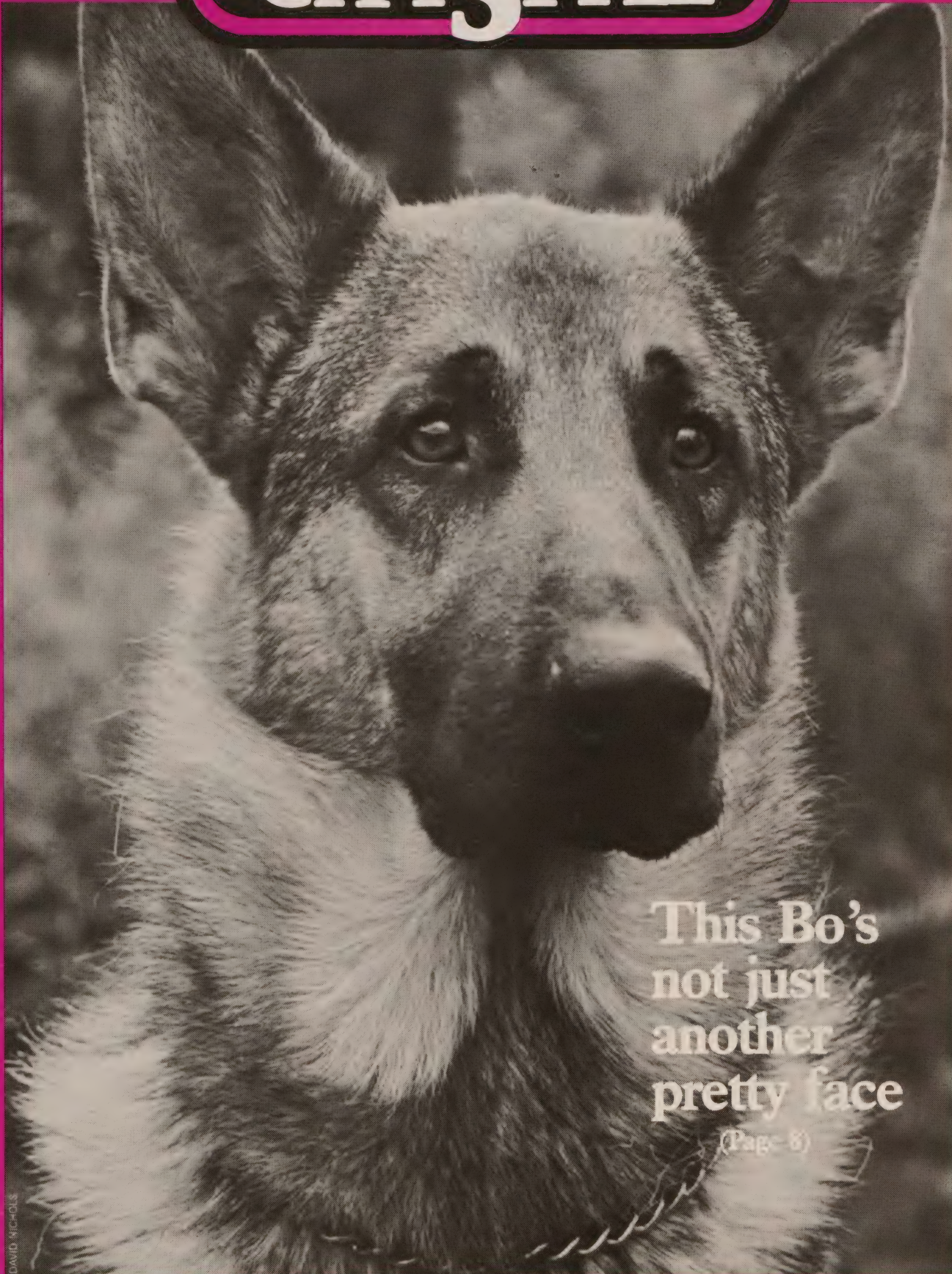


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October 1983



This Bo's
not just
another
pretty face

(Page 8)

DAVID NICHOLS



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GADABOUT



ART GALLERIES

Anna Leonowens Gallery (N.S. College of Art and Design). Oct. 1-22: An alumni exhibition of the Nova Scotia College of Art & Design. Gemey Kelly curates the studio exhibition; Sheila Stevenson curates the craft section; Julia Davidson curates for environmental planning section; David Peters for the graphic design segment. Opening reception: Oct. 3 at 8 p.m. at 1889 Granville St. This is also official opening of new Anna Leonowens Gallery I in the Keddy bldg. adjacent to present Granville St. location. Oct. 26-Nov. 12: In Gallery I. *Champions and Triumphs*: Glimpses from a Haligonian boyhood. A brief review of English youth magazines in Halifax pre-1939 from the collection of Louis Collins; Oct. 24-30: In Gallery II & III. Jewelry display by Christian Gaudernack. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs. evening 5 p.m.-9 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m. For information call 422-7381, Ext. 184.

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. (Main Gallery) Throughout October: *John Nesbitt: Sculpture*. Major exhibition of aluminum sculpture by this Nova Scotian artist represents eight years of work in Cape Breton and the third phase of his development. (Second Floor Gallery). *Permanent Collection*: An exhibition of 18th, 19th and early 20th century paintings and works of art. Featured is a painting of early Halifax by Dominique Serres. 6152 Coburg Road. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m. - 5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun., 12 p.m.-5:30 p.m. Phone 424-7542.

Dalhousie Art Gallery. To Oct. 30: *Ernest Lawson from Nova Scotia Col-*

lections. An exhibition of paintings by Halifax-born artist Ernest Lawson (1873-1939), selected from public and private collections in the province; *Selections from the Permanent Collection*. Including works by Bruno Bobak, Harold Town and Gerry Ferguson; *Tom Sherman: Cultural Engineering*. Exhibition includes video and audio tape installations, text and photographs. Organized by the National Gallery of Canada; Under *Special Exhibitions*, the art gallery is pleased to present paintings from the Sobey Collections. Part One features works by Cornelius Krieghoff. Hours: Tues.-Fri. 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun. 1 p.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. evenings 7 p.m.-10 p.m. Phone 424-2403.

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. Through Oct. 16: (Downstairs) *Correspondences*. Featured artists include: Christopher Pratt, Tim Zuck, George Legrady. (Upstairs) *Nova Scotia Crafts V*. Jane Donovan, ceramics. Oct. 21 - (Downstairs) *Maxwell Bates: Landscapes*; (Upstairs) *Nova Scotia Crafts VI*. Joleen Gordon, baskets. Bedford Highway, 443-4450. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. till 9 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 12-5 p.m.

Saint Mary's University Art Gallery. Oct. 12-Nov. 10: *William Blair Bruce: Historical Exhibition* toured by the Robert McLaughlin Gallery of Oshawa. Call 429-9780.

CLUB DATES

Teddy's. Piano bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. Oct. 3-8: Gordon Hayman; Oct. 10-29: John Owen; Both entertainers are Vancouver-based. Teddy's is open Monday through Saturday with happy hour between 5-7 p.m. Entertainment between 9 a.m. and 1 a.m. nightly.

Peddler's Pub. Lower level, Delta Barrington Hotel. Oct. 10-15: *Sequence*; Don't miss the Saturday afternoon jam sessions. Peddler's hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m.-12 midnight.

Pasta House Trattoria. 5680 Spring Garden Road, (upstairs from Pepes). Oct. 1: Joe Sealy; Oct. 3-8: Karen Conrad and Flying; Oct. 10-15: Amanda Ambrose. Hours: Dining from 5 p.m.-2 a.m.; Entertainment from 9 p.m.-1 a.m. nightly.

Privateers' Middle Deck. Historic Properties. Oct. 3-8: Mark Haines and The Zippers; Oct. 10-15: Louise Lambert; Oct. 17-22 & 24-29: *Professor Piano*. Hours: Monday through Saturday, 9:30 p.m.-2 a.m.

The Village Gate. 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. Oct. 10-15: *Strait Edge*; Oct. 17-22 Oktoberfest week features the German band, *Schwartzwald*; Oct. 24-29: *Vendetta*; Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m.-11 p.m., Thurs.-Sat., 10 a.m.-12:30 a.m.

The Network Lounge. 1546 Dresden Row, Hfx. Oct. 3-8: *See Spot Run*; Oct. 10-15: *Platinum Blonde*; Oct. 24-26: *Clearlight*; Oct. 27-29: *The White*. Network hours: Mon.-Sat., 10 p.m.-2 p.m.

The Ice House Lounge. 300 Prince Albert Road, Dartmouth. Oct. 3-8: *Track*; Oct. 10-15: *Songsmith*; Oct. 17-22: *Madhash*; Oct. 24-29: *Southside*. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m.; Sat., 5 p.m.-2 a.m.

MUSEUMS

Dartmouth Heritage Museum. Through Oct. 17: Oil paintings by Mrs. Eugenie Perry in museum art gallery. About 30 in all. October 17 — Exhibit of watercolors by Rob Scott. Plus museum display of models depicting history of Dartmouth and a Joe Howe library. 100 Wyse Road. Hours: Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri., 1 p.m.-5 p.m.; Wed., 1-5 and 6-9; Sat., 1-5; Sun., 2-5.

Nova Scotia Museum. Through Oct. *Collecting Our Natural Heritage*. An exhibit depicting work that is carried out in science museums and the tools necessary for collecting specimens. Exhibits include butterflies, frogs, exotic shells and insects. A lecture series entitled "Collecting With a Camera" supplements the display. Oct. 30: People from various ethnic backgrounds are invited to play traditional games of their countries in a program called *Games of the World*. This is planned in support of UNICEF. 1747 Summer St., Hfx. Hours: 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m. Mon.-Sat., 1 p.m.-5 p.m. on Sun. For information, call 429-4610.

THEATRE

Kipawo Showboat Theatre Company. Through October: *Steaks and Lovers*, *Ring Around A Murder*, *No Sex, Please—We're British*. Showtimes at 8:30 p.m. 2nd Floor, Bean Sprout Bldg., 1588 Barrington St., Ask about their lunchtime theatre offering. For ticket information, call 429-9090.

Neptune Theatre. Oct. 14 — Neptune's 21st season begins with *West Side Story*, the Broadway musical with music by Leonard Bernstein and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim in repertory with *Romeo and Juliet*, the classic love story by William Shakespeare. Check out Neptune's lunchtime theatre as well. Corner of Argyle and Sackville streets. For ticket information, call 429-7300.

Theatre Arts Guild. Oct. 1 and the weekends of Oct. 6-8 and 13-15: *Hot L Baltimore*. Directed by Rob Vandekieft. Showtime: 8 p.m. at the Pond Playhouse, 6 Parkhill Drive off the Purcells' Cove Road. For information, call 477-4973.

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DINNER THEATRE

The Henry House. 1222 Barrington St., Hfx., presents a farcical version of Champlain's Feast from the Order of Good Cheer. Called the *Order of the Good Time*, the show features historical and fictional characters with an original musical score. Tuesday through Saturday, 7 p.m. By reservation only to mid-October. Call 423-1309.

IN CONCERT

Metro Centre. Oct. 1: Charley Pride performs at 8 p.m. For ticket information, call 421-8726.

Dalhousie Arts Centre. Oct. 4: *Wonderful Grand Band* performs at 8 p.m. in the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. For music and comedy with a difference. Oct. 5: *The Good Brothers*. One of Canada's top country groups, performs at 8 p.m. Oct. 8: *Kasatha Cossacks*. This family extravaganza features music, dancing and athleticism at its best. Showtime at 8 p.m.; Oct. 11-13: *Joey* brings you the life and times of The Honorable Joseph R. Smallwood. A humorous look at the most famous Newfie of all. 8 p.m.; Oct. 14: *Vienna Choir Boys*. 8 p.m. presents a program of costumed operettas and folk music for the entire family. Oct. 16: *Vienna Choir Boys*

perform a 3 p.m. matinee; Oct. 15: *Moe Koffman* performs at 8 p.m.; Oct. 19: *José Molina Bailes Espanoles*. This Spanish dance troupe performs at 8 p.m.; Oct. 22: *White Heather*. This Scottish group performs at 8 p.m. for the entire family. For ticket information, call 424-2298. Oct. 23: *The Glass Orchestra* performs in Nova Music Concerts in the Sir James Dunn Theatre at 3 p.m. This Toronto-based group utilizes various glass shapes to produce their unique sound. **Saint Mary's.** Oct. 7: *Griselda Mann-ing* — Dance. 12:30 p.m.; Oct. 14: Edwardian Legerdemain with Bruce Armstrong at 12:30 p.m.; Oct. 21: SMU Dramatic Society will perform at 12:30 p.m.; Oct. 28: Flautist Ruth Orenstein in recital. For information, call 429-9780.

MOVIES

Dalhousie Film Theatre. Oct. 2: *Tex*. This 1982 film directed by Tim Hunter studies two teenaged brothers and their search for personal freedom and mutual responsibilities to each other. 8 p.m.; Oct. 9: *Victor Victoria*. Directed by Blake Edwards, this film is set in 1930s Paris. It's a cynical look at sexual stereotyping and stars Julie Andrews and James Garner; Oct. 16: *The Boat Is Full*. This 1981 Swiss film has Eng. subtitles. Set in World War II, the story revolves around Switzerland's policy of refusing more Jewish refugees into the country;

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Oct. 23: *Eating Raoul*. This 1982 comedy revolves around a middle-class couple in Los Angeles during the 1950s; Oct. 30: *Alien*. A 1979 American horror film just in time for Halloween. All films shown in the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium at 8 p.m. For ticket information, call 424-2403.

National Film Board. To Oct. 2: *Chan is Missing*. This 1982 black and white film is a mystery with few clues and an improbable solution; Oct. 5 & 12: *Not a Love Story*. This chronicle of two women explores their search into the porn trade; why it exists and how it affects relations between men and women. Restricted. 7 and 9 p.m. each evening; Oct. 6-9: *Dark Circle*. This 1982 film tells personal stories of those involved in the making and testing of the Bomb. 8 p.m. each evening; Oct. 13-16: *Underworld*. A 1927 silent, black and white film starring George Bancroft. 8 p.m.; Oct. 17-23: *The Atlantic Film and Video Festival*. A week of screenings and workshops. Phone 426-6016 for information; Oct. 26: *Waiting for Fidel*. Canadian film with the unusual crew of Joseph Smallwood, Geoff Stirling and NFB film director, Michael Rubbo. This documentary about Castro's Cuba was shot on location there. 7 p.m.; *Ladies And Gentlemen, Mr. Leonard Cohen*. A 1965 informal look at Montreal poet, Leonard Cohen, 9 p.m.; Oct. 27-30: *The Bill Douglas Trilogy*. This British, black and white film traces his own life through the

character of Jamie. A story of the powerful emotions of childhood. 7:30 p.m. Screenings of NFB movies at 1572 Barrington St. For information, Call 422-3700.

Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema. Oct. 4-6: *Demon Pond*. A 1979 Japanese film. 123 minutes. Showtimes, 7 and 9 p.m. each evening; Oct. 7-13: *Winter Kills*. This 1977 American comedy stars Jeff Bridges and John Huston. Showtimes 7 and 9 p.m. each evening; Oct. 14-20: *Say Amen, Somebody*. A 1982 American movie documentary about gospel music. 7 and 9 p.m. plus Sunday matinee; Oct. 21-23: *The Atlantic Film and Video Festival*. Call 426-6016 for information on screenings and workshops; Oct. 24-27: *Smithereens*. A 1982 American film of the Manhattan punk scene, a girl with no answers and the boy who tries to help her. 7 and 9 p.m. nightly; Oct. 28-30: *Lightning Over Water (Nick's Movie)*. A 1980 West German/Swedish documentary of watching a man die and his refusal to give up living. 7 and 9 p.m. Plus Sunday matinee. All Wormwood screenings at 1588 Barrington St., Hfx. For information, call 422-3700.

PLUS...

DancExchange. Oct. 1 & 2: Jeanne Robinson and dancers present an in-studio performance at 1672 Barrington St. Time: 8:30 p.m. For further information, call 423-6809.

Skate Canada '83. Oct. 27-30: Canada's only international figure skating championship at the Metro Centre. Events include men's singles, women's singles and dance. Some Canadian entries are Brian Orser, Tracy Wilson, Robert McCall, with exhibitions by five-time Canadian pair champions, Barbara Underhill and Paul Martini. For information, call (613) 746-5953.

Dartmouth Sportsplex. 110 Wyse Road, Dartmouth. Oct. 1 & 2: Ideal Home Show; Oct. 14 & 15: IWK Auxiliary quilt fair; Oct. 22 & 23: Hadassah-Wizo bazaar; Oct. 24-28: Skate Canada compulsory figures. For information, call 421-2600.

The Atlantic Festival of Indian Arts & Crafts. Oct. 21-23: At Dalhousie Arts Centre. Schedule: 11 a.m.-9 p.m. daily, wholesale and retail sales of crafts. Cultural-historical displays; 1-8 p.m. daily: Demonstrations of crafts such as baskets, bead work, leather work, wood carving; 2-4 p.m.: Films; 2-3 p.m. on Sat. & Sun., Indian fashion show featuring traditional and contemporary clothing; Daily 2-5 p.m.: Preparation and sampling of Indian foods.

SPORTS

Track & Field. Oct. 2: Dalhousie Invitational Cross Country. Open, 17 years of age and under. Point Pleasant Park, Hfx.; Oct. 9: Carlsberg Halifax Marathon and Half Marathon, Dalhousie University. For information on cross-country events, call Sport Nova Scotia, 425-5450.

Field Hockey. Oct. 2: Men's — NSMFHA League, Hfx.; Oct. 15-16: Women's Field hockey — High School Field Hockey Championships, Hfx.; Oct. 16: Men's Field hockey — NSMFHA League Playoffs, Hfx. **Swimming.** Dalhousie Sprint Meet, Hfx.

Squash. Oct. 28-30: Stadacona Invitational, Hfx. For information on time and locales, call 425-5450.

Nova Scotia Rugby Football Union. Oct. 1: Hfx. Rugby Club v. St. F.X. at Merv Sullivan Field on Gottingen St., Hfx.; Oct. 15: Dal. v. Pictou at Sullivan Field on Gottingen St.; Oct. 16: Dal. v. P.E.I. at Studley Field, Dalhousie campus; Oct. 29: University Championship (Acadia, Dal, SMU, St. F.X.) at St. Francis field at St. Mary's. Halifax Rugby Club v. Tars on Oct. 29 at M. Sullivan Field on Gottingen St., Hfx. (Second Division) Oct. 1: SMU v. St. F.X. at St. Mary's field, Hfx.; Oct. 2: SMU v. Sydney at St. Mary's field, Hfx.; Oct. 15: SMU v. HRC at St. Mary's, Hfx. For more information on game times, etc., call 434-0531.

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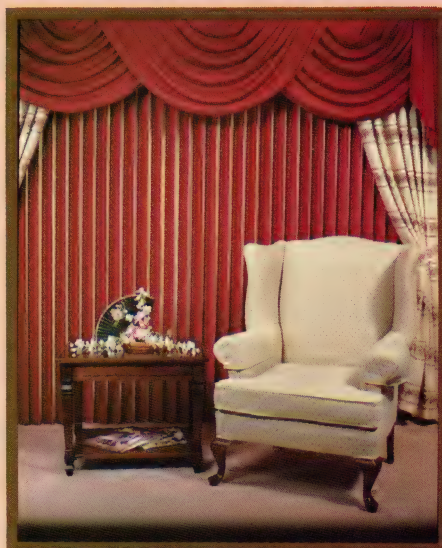
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Are you ready to boogie-woogie?



finds a tape amid the clutter and pops it into his machine... "WAAAAAAHHHHHHEE-EEEEYYYYY ... Toronto!! Say Toronto ... are you ready to rock? If you be ready to rock, then you be ready for Toronto's gonzo morning man, Scruff Connors ... And he's on Toronto's best rock station, Q107... I be ready to rock. I be ready to roll. I be ready to boogie-woogie ... MAN ... I AM INTENSE."

Patterson giggles and turns the machine off. "Isn't that wild?" he beams. "That's totally inventive radio. The music ... the talk is just great. It's so fast-paced ... like ... BOOM BOOM ... you know?"

Can this really be Pierre Trudeau's former press secretary talking? Is this Arnie Patterson — entrepreneur, suburbanite, country-club hobnobber — sounding like some heavy metal "space cadet"? Believe it.

If everything goes as Patterson hopes, CFDR/Q104 may be the most

"Toronto's best rock" (CHUM countered later with "Toronto's ultimate rock"), Q107 produced innovative and successful programs, including minute-long interviews with famous performers, a weekly show devoted solely to heavy metal rock, concert promotions and contests for local bands. But it was Q107's deejays, more than anything else, that made the station so popular. Characters like Connors wheezed, coughed, screamed and cackled their way into listeners' hearts. They had a frantic urgency that teenagers loved.

Patterson is so impressed with Q107's success, he's decided to adopt its format almost entirely. For over a year, he's been working closely with Q107 program manager Gary Slaight to determine the policy and play lists of the new station. He's also found a morning man who sounds like Scruff Connors. "It is precisely because there's nothing like Q107 in this region that we'll be so successful," he says. "We will, of course, employ

Arnie Patterson certainly hopes so. He's hoping that a frantic, screaming new sound will steal listeners from Metro's established rock stations

By Alexander Bruce

Behind his huge desk, in a pent-house office in Dartmouth's tallest building, C. Arnold Patterson, a paunchy, 55-year-old businessman, hardly seems the type to manage Metro's first progressive rock station in six years. After all, he is the owner of CFDR (AM), which once crowned Guy Lombardo the king of modern music. But right now, he's frantically searching for tapes of one Scruff Connors, the wheezing, screaming morning man for Q107-Toronto (FM). That's "the mighty Q," the station that's helping Patterson get Q104-Dartmouth (FM) on its feet. He



Patterson is keeping his promotions campaign a secret

successful radio organization in the Maritimes by 1985. "With CFDR," he explains, "we've attracted a broad and loyal audience in the 35-and-over age category. With Q104, we'll reach the teenagers. That's a market we've never had. We'll take our competition head on."

It took Q107 only six years to destroy CHUM-FM's pre-eminence among Toronto's youth. Billing itself

local people, and build in local nuances, but we won't change the sound one bit The revolution is now!"

But, so far, Patterson's competition seems unimpressed. "We've achieved very steady growth in the last five years," says Barry Horne, program manager of C100 (FM). "We feel that what we do, we do best. People will not suddenly stop listening to one sta-

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

tion just to listen to another."

He may have a point. Nobody's really sure if the local audience for progressive rock is either large enough or hooked enough to make Q104 take off. When C100 was first licensed six years ago, it played mostly heavy metal and club rock music. But it gradually drifted into mainline contemporary stuff, and developed a strong following.

Moreover, the sound Patterson cherishes so much might actually offend his teenage market. Toronto's total listening audience is at least 10 times larger than Halifax's. Rock music jams the airwaves there, and people aren't particularly loyal to

radio stations. Last spring, after years at CHUM's heels, Q107 dropped significantly in the ratings, going from 722,000 to 653,000 listeners per week, while CHUM's audience jumped from 875,000 to 937,000. Q and CHUM are constantly locked in a ratings battle, and listeners now regard on-air promotional hype as part of a station's appeal. People love it when Scruff begins his morning show with, "I'd like to welcome all the former CHUM-FM listeners out there."

But in Halifax-Dartmouth no two of the seven stations play precisely the same kind of music. CJCH is decidedly contemporary. C100 is contemporary middle-of-the-road. CHNS

plays contemporary music, but also some "easy listening." CHFX is country. Patterson's CFDR is middle-of-the-road. And CBC is ... well ... CBC. Moreover, CHUM owns the two stations, CJCH and C100, whose formats are most alike. Metro listeners seem to like what they have, and the ratings seldom change. CJCH and C100 are always on top; CBC-AM and FM are always at the bottom; and the other stations always jockey for third place. In short, the fact that there's no full-fledged ratings war here could mean that Q104 will be like a cannon going off with no enemy in sight.

Patterson, of course, doesn't believe this for a moment. He's been hanging around movie theatres where local rock fans are known to gather. "The young people I've talked with are really excited about Q104," he says. "They've heard about Q107 ... and we're getting more and more inquiries every day."

In Halifax-Dartmouth no two of the seven stations play precisely the same kind of music"

He's also encouraged by what the ratings books tell him. While CJCH is strong, C100 is gaining steadily. This suggests that young people are turning away from a strict top 40 AM format to the cleaner, more progressive sounds of FM. The rock video revolution probably has had a lot to do with this. C100 currently simulcasts a pop music show, *Atlantic Canada's Choice*, over the Atlantic Satellite Television Network on Saturday nights. Moreover, CRTC talk requirements are higher on FM than on AM, and surveys show listeners prefer personable deejays to even the best music.

At the very least, Patterson wants to take some of the youth market advertising away from CJCH and C100. Ads mean money, and money will give him the resources to create a sound that will appeal to Metro's teenagers.

And he doesn't think lending his name to a station that plays only head-banging, mind-blowing rock 'n' roll will alienate his loyal CFDR followers. "There's no way CFDR and Q104 will conflict. The two sounds are totally different," he says. "If someone I knew complained about the new sta-



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Horne: "We feel that what we do, we do best"

tion, I'd just tell him not to listen to it."

He's already making room for Q104 in CFDR's opulent office. The stations will share a newsroom and sales and advertising space. Q104 will probably have a staff of 15, and CFDR will shoulder work overloads. Finding fresh talent won't be a problem. "We've already received over 200 job applications

for the new station," Patterson says.

Q104 goes on the air this month during the autumn ratings period. Patterson, of course, is keeping his promotions campaign a secret. He knows success lies in surprise. He wants Q104 to show as strongly next spring as CFDR does now. If that happens, CJCH and C100 may finally have a fight on their hands.

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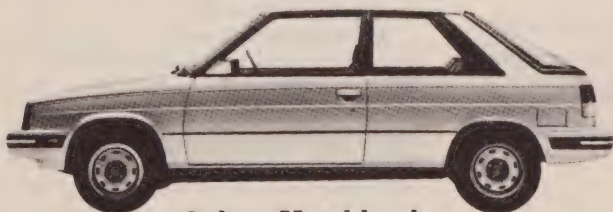
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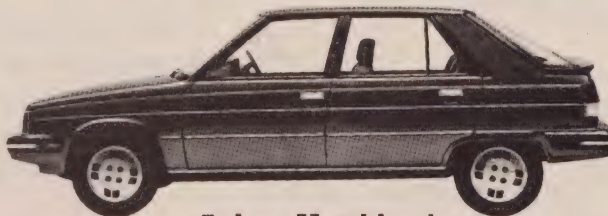
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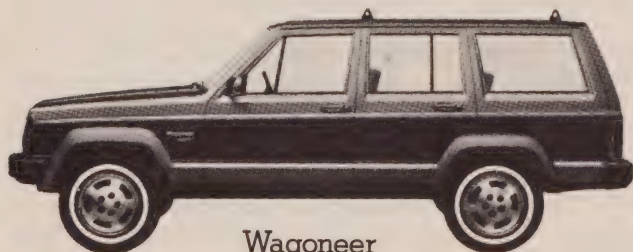
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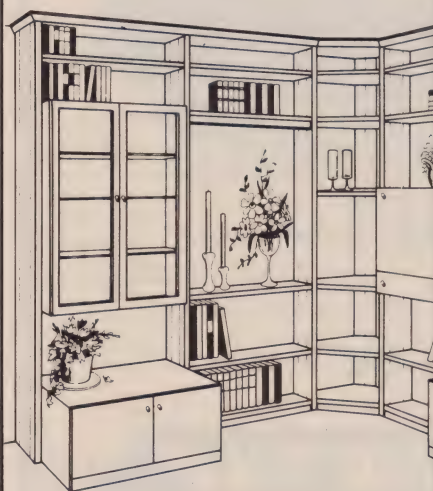
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No bad dogs

Could your own frivolous mutt perform the precision drills those clever dogs will be demonstrating at Halifax's fall dog show? Probably, if he had a trainable owner

By Marian Bruce

He wasn't the type that got invited to many parties. Oh, he was handsome, all right. He was an English mastiff who weighed about 150 pounds, stood almost a yard high at the shoulder and could get his jaws around a football, no problem. And he was polite to other dogs. But nobody's perfect, and he had one little flaw. He bit people.

His habit started innocently enough as puppyhood play and grew serious as he grew bigger. And bigger. "He found out that when he bit people, they left him alone," recalls Pat Wellings, a dog breeder and trainer in Brookfield, N.S. It looked as though he'd have to be destroyed. By the time his owner enrolled him in an obedience school in Truro in a last, desperate attempt to reform him, he was biting everybody who tried to

argue with him, including his owner and the instructor.

Most dogs aren't so uncouth, and some obedience classes won't even accept biters. But Wellings cites the story of the mastiff as a dramatic example of how valuable an education can be: By the end of the 10-week course, he apparently was cured. "The last I heard, he was still doing OK."

Pat and her husband, Fred, have been breeding and showing German shepherds (they now have 13) for the past five years, and they believe firmly that every dog, purebred or mutt, needs at least some basic lessons in polite behavior — for the sake of the dog, the owner and the reputation of dogs in general. This month at the Halifax Metro Centre, three of their dogs will take part in a contest, organized by the Wellings, that will demonstrate an aspect of dog training rarely seen in North America. On Oct. 8, the first day of a three-day dog show sponsored by the Halifax Kennel Club, the dogs will race through an obstacle course — jumping over hurdles, scaling walls, leaping through tires and windows, crawling through tunnels, weaving through a series of poles, walking a catwalk.

The agility exercise, similar to those taught dogs working with the police and the military, shows off athletic ability and temperament, and indicates what a dog can accomplish, given a little encouragement. "It's also good recreation for the dogs," Pat Wellings says. "Once they learn how to do it, they love it."

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DAVID NICHOLS

Fred and Pat Wellings with part of their family of shepherds

The exercise is also a crowd-pleaser aimed at attracting spectators to the fall show (there'll also be Newfoundland dogs pulling carts), expected to be the club's biggest so far. Show director Rowena Claydon of Dartmouth estimated this summer that more than 300 dogs, representing about 65 breeds, would come from various parts of Canada and the United States, and as far away as Bermuda, for three days of conformation and obedience trials. That means the show will be a good place to window shop. You'll see some of the finest examples of their breeds, groomed the way they're supposed to be, and there'll be information booths set up on behalf of the larger delegations — the Doberman pinschers, collies, Shetland sheepdogs (Shelties), golden retrievers, Newfoundlanders.

You'll also see some of the brightest of the purebreds (dogs of dubious ancestry aren't allowed at these affairs, even as spectators). Conformation shows are a lot like beauty pageants, except that the contestants don't have to demonstrate a talent, such as playing the harp or public speaking. They merely have to look beautiful, and as close as possible to the official standard for their breed. Dogs in the obedience ring have to prove they've actually learned something. Their tests range from simply heeling correctly on and off a leash to retrieving over jumps and obeying hand-signal commands. A dog can lose

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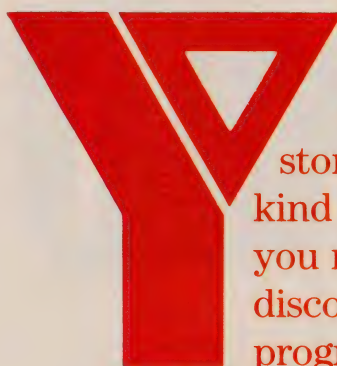
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"Lots of times," Fred Wellings says, "the problems are not with the dogs, but the handler. The wrong handler can ruin a smart dog. We teach the owner to teach the dog." England's Barbara Woodhouse, the world's most successful dog trainer (she's trained more than 17,000 of them, and her own Great Danes could answer phones and operate vacuum cleaners), insists there are no bad dogs, just inexperienced owners. Her effective and humane technique consists mainly of a disapproving tone of voice and a quick jerk on the training collar when a dog makes a mistake, and lavish amounts of love and praise when he gets it right. No hitting, no yelling.

That's essentially the method that persuaded the biting mastiff to change his ways. And it's the basis of Pat Wellings' own training program.

The Wellingses became involved in dog shows when they bought their first German shepherd after being held up in an armed robbery. They began going to obedience classes, and one thing led to another: Obedience trials, joining a German shepherd club, attending training seminars. Now they travel the show circuit every year, and Pat gives private training lessons at home.

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E. Del, leaping through a tire

CITYSTYLE



Murray with beautiful, brainy friends Monty (left) and Striker

Glenda Murray of Halifax was hooked on dog-training the first time she saw an obedience trial. "I thought it would be wonderful to be able to get a dog to do something like that," she says. When Striker, her first golden retriever, was six months old, she enrolled him in school. By the time he was a year old, he was winning prizes for both his looks and his brains. At age two, he earned his Companion Dog Excellent (CDX) degree, the canine equivalent of a master's degree. Last year, Striker — known formally as Ch. Craighill's Fanfare, CDX — was the highest scoring obedience dog in the Halifax Kennel Club, the second highest in the Maritimes. This year, Murray says, he seems bored by school.

But she's not: She's started training the family's second retriever, 10-month-old Harbor House Colonel Montague, otherwise known as Monty. When she began dog-training after raising a family of five, she says, "a whole new sub-stratum of society opened up to me that I never knew existed. I've never had so much fun."

People who aren't interested in

meeting the rigid requirements of an obedience ring can often accomplish wonders at home with the help of a good owner's manual, such as Woodhouse's *No Bad Dogs* (1982); *Good Dog, Bad Dog* by Mordecai Siegal and Matthew Margolis. (1973); *Understanding Your Dog* by Michael Fox (1972).

But the classroom is one place dogs can learn to get along with each other. They also teach each other, just as children do. "The quickest way to get a young dog to do something," Pat Wellings says, "is to have him watch you working with, and praising, an older dog that's trained. The younger one gets so excited, he'll copy the older one."

Unfortunately, anybody with a leash can call himself a training instructor. To find a good one, call your local kennel club. Don Gates of Hacketts Cove, who teaches classes sponsored by the Halifax Kennel Club, says you can expect to pay \$35 to \$45 for a 10-lesson course. By the end of two courses, your dog should be ready to try for his first degree (Companion Dog), if he wants one.

The learning speed, of course,

varies. Working dogs (including shepherds, collies, Shelties and Dobermans) and sporting dogs (retrievers, setters, spaniels) are easiest to train.

Hounds are notoriously hard, mostly because they're preoccupied with fantasies of hunting. But what's crucial, most trainers agree, is the handler's technique. An owner can turn the nicest dog into a monster through abuse, or inadvertently teach a smart dog *not* to come when called.

Murray says she raises her clever retrievers much the same way as she raised her children. "If you take a puppy, as I did these two, and talk to him all the time and take him everywhere you go, he becomes very close to you. He learns your language."

Of course, he may never be able to grasp all the horrors of the six o'clock news. But then, all the English he *really* needs to know is sit, come and don't pee on the carpet. As Fred Wellings observes, an educated dog is easier to live with. And, as the case of the mastiff-who-used-to-bite-people proves, a little learning can mean the difference between life and death.

Who's controlling the pest-controllers?

In Nova Scotia, nobody. That's why an exterminator can spray just about anything he wants in homes and offices

Myron Hrabowsky kills bugs for a living. This autumn, as he's done in Nova Scotia for the past dozen years, the hefty Halifax exterminator is loading up his pesticide sprayers to face housefuls of fleas, apartments infested with silverfish and restaurants overrun with anything from cockroaches to rats. Hrabowsky has spent 22 years in the pest control business. He got his start in Ontario, then moved "out of the rat race" to begin his own company in Nova Scotia in 1972. He passed a correspondence course in pest control technology from Indiana's Purdue University, and he provides extermination services to 1,100 regular customers. But he's never received a licence from the provincial government for the potentially harmful chemicals he uses daily.

He's never had to. Nova Scotia is the only province without its own regulations controlling the sale and use of pesticides around homes and businesses.

"It's a frightening situation," says Hrabowsky, who runs East Coast Pest Control Ltd. "There's a real cause for alarm. There are unqualified people who have started their own extermination companies because they think it's a fast way to make a buck. . . . There's no licensing, no need for training or any sort of background. Some people think mixing chemicals is simply pouring two glugs of pesticide in a

bucket of water. This jeopardizes me and my business as well as the general public."

John Sansom, information officer for the Environment Department, concedes that the provincial Pest Control Act, the law that's supposed to regulate pesticide use, doesn't do so. "We have no system in Nova Scotia for limiting the sale or the use of any particular pesticides, except in some instances such as aerial applications in agriculture or use in public places," he says.

In fact, Nova Scotia's pesticide law is both outdated and inadequate. It has never been amended since it was approved in 1970 and therefore ignores more than a decade of scientific research about the effect of pesticides on people. It says the government "may make regulations" restricting the sale and use of certain pesticides, but no such guidelines have ever come forth. And the penalty for misusing these chemicals would hardly hurt a flea: The maximum fine is \$200.

Sansom says Nova Scotia relies on Ottawa's registration of pest control products. But such registration is far from fool-proof. Two years ago, Ottawa discovered that 79 chemicals previously considered safe were improperly tested prior to registration. The suspected compounds remained on sale in Canada while new tests were done. Only pesticides proven unsafe are banned from the Canadian market. While Sansom concedes health and environmental damage can occur through improper use of federally approved chemicals, he says the high cost of pesticides tends to be "a controlling factor" because applying too much insecticide is uneconomical for an exterminator.

The Nova Scotia board of health restricts commercial pesticide use in restaurants, parks and public places, but nothing prevents a landlord from spraying the wrong chemicals in his building, or cleaners from using an improper mixture inside an office building or a

householder from applying an unsafe pesticide on a lawn. Should a hazardous situation occur, Sansom says, the provincial Environment Department can get involved only "a bit after the fact, unfortunately." The province is reluctant to impose regulations or licensing requirements on commercial pesticide users because "we know the pesticide operators, and we have a certain amount of confidence in them."

Such confidence isn't shared by other provincial governments. New Brunswick's Pesticide Control Act, passed in 1973, requires the licensing of all pesticide sellers and users. A provincial permit is needed before spraying, and regulations prevent unsafe storage, transport or disposal of pesticides. The maximum fine for breaking the New Brunswick pesticide law is \$1,000 or 100 days in jail for every day the offence occurs. According to an amendment passed last year, anyone found misusing a pesticide must pay for any resulting damage.

Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland also license the sale and application of pesticides and control their disposal and use. On the Island, the maximum fine for improper chemical use is \$1,000 or 90 days in jail. In Newfoundland, the maximum penalty is \$2,000 for each day the law is broken. And these laws are lenient compared with Ontario's Pesticides Act. In Upper Canada, commercial exterminators must pass a three-hour written exam before qualifying for a one-year licence. The pesticide applier must also have proper equipment and maintain a good professional record to renew a licence. Insurance is mandatory, and only pesticides sold by licensed dealers can be used. As in New Brunswick, anyone responsible for environmental damage is liable for all cleanup costs. The Ontario penalties are stiff — a first offence carries a maximum fine of \$5,000 each day the law is broken, and the amount doubles for subsequent offences.

Nova Scotia's Sansom says his province doesn't urgently need such stringent legislation because it has a smaller population than Ontario. But he believes Nova Scotia should follow Ontario, New Brunswick and P.E.I. by setting up a pesticide advisory board to recommend legislation changes and be responsible for approving pesticide licences and applications. "This type of committee would serve Nova Scotians very well," he says, "but



Pest controller Hrabowsky

right now I see nothing on paper about this addressed to cabinet."

Halifax exterminator Hrabowsky, who served on the Ontario pesticide board for three years, says he's fought since 1972 to get such a licensing group in Nova Scotia. He has now given up in frustration. "I'm waiting for a real tragedy to happen," he says. "It's a terrible thing to say, but at least then something would be done by the province. As it is now, anybody can spray whatever they want. There should be some control. It's just so foolish."

— John Mason

Sansei to the rescue

Sansei Ltd. is the Shinyeis — Doug 'n' Martha — who've made a specialty of turning metro's residential sows' ears into lovingly crafted silk purses

By Pat Lotz

It's Friday morning in late summer, and in a house on Halifax's Henry Street, workers are reaching the last stages of renovating a set of flats. Boss Doug Shinyei is a point of calm in a bustle of cheerful but concentrated activity. Martha Shinyei, the other half of Sansei Ltd. ("Sansei means third-generation in Japanese," explains Doug. "I'm a third-generation carpenter") has dropped by at the request of an *Insight* photographer. Janet Kushner, new owner of the building, is there too and is clearly pleased with the progress. "It was a pigsty before," she says. "I can't think of a term opprobrious enough to describe it. The people in the lower flat kept a weasel as a pet."

The Shinyeis have been making silk purses out of residential sows' ears since 1977, soon after they arrived in Halifax from Vancouver. They hadn't planned to make a business of renovating houses when they bought an old rooming house on Bland Street; they just wanted to make it into a home. "I can still vividly remember what it was like shovelling tubs of plaster down a chute we had rigged up — all in an August temperature of 30 degrees," Martha says. She doesn't recommend living in the house you're renovating. "It does things to your sanity." "It slows you down, too," Doug adds, "because you tend to tidy up at the end of each day."

They're an attractive pair: Doug, 41, dark and solidly built; Martha, 35, fair and slender. Like many happily married couples they tend to be known by their dual identity, Doug 'n' Martha.

They met in the summer of '70 on a train going to Vancouver. Martha was travelling from her home outside Albany, N.Y., to Tacoma, Wash., to study for her master's in sociology and political science at Pacific Lutheran University. "I went by train because my parents didn't want me driving all that way by myself."

Doug, who was born in Winnipeg, had moved to Vancouver where he alternated between work for a display company and work in the train's dining car. When they were married in 1973, Doug was studying for his BA at Simon Fraser University and Martha was working in the research unit in the grounds outside the B.C. Penitentiary. Part of her job was visiting the pen to interview prisoners, but fortunately she was not inside the day in June, 1975, that three convicts took and held 15 staff members hostage for 41 hours. "I had worked with Mary Steinhäuser [the hostage who was killed at the climax of the hostage-taking] in the research unit before she moved into the pen as classifications officer," Martha recalls. It was a traumatic experience for Martha, "but the effect didn't catch up with me until the following year," she explains.

Martha's delayed reaction coincided with Doug's growing disenchantment with Simon Fraser's communications studies department in which he was studying for his master's degree. So they bought a van and set off on a four-month trip looking for a place in which they would like to live. They finally narrowed the choice to Regina or Halifax. Regina lost, and after collecting their belongings from Vancouver, they returned to Halifax to settle. Martha, who had "put corrections at the bottom of my list of work preferences," finally took a job co-ordinating the newly established Volunteers-in-Probation pro-

gram, a joint project of the provincial Attorney-General's office and the Junior League. "In retrospect, I think it was one of my most valuable employment experiences," she says. Doug worked part-time as an organizer for the NDP. This left him with time on his hands, and "I'm uncomfortable with nothing to do," he says. So they bought the house on Bland.

Their first commercial venture was a house several blocks away, on Birmingham Street, which they converted into two two-storey units. It was sold for them by Halifax realtor Maxie Grant as soon as it was finished. When she found a buyer for the Bland Street house a few months later, they bought and moved into another rooming house on nearby Fenwick Street, and converted it into two units. Next came a house on Duncan Street ("the house

on the bare minimum. It's amazing how much you find you can do without. We had no fridge so we kept food on the back porch all winter. We had two knives, two forks, two plates. . . ."

By the time they started work on their fifth house, a post-war prefab on Bridges Street that needed mainly a facelift, the Shinyeis had to take stock of where they were going. The speedy sale and subsequent profit on the Birmingham Street house had not been repeated. "Unfortunately, it set up expectations," Doug says. The house on Fenwick Street stayed on the market for four months after they finished it, "and we never recouped the money." Worse, mortgage rates had been rising; this not only increased the cost of borrowing money but reduced the number of potential house buyers. Doug's high standards did

DAVID NICHOLS



The Shinyeis: A reputation for renovating houses

that parachutist landed behind last year," Doug points out) which was in sound condition but needed cosmetic work and a heating system.

"By now, we'd got our moving very streamlined," Martha says. "Our furniture was in storage, we just lived

not lead to easy profits. "Doug is a real craftsman," Maxie Grant says. "In the houses he bought and renovated he put all top-quality materials." This is not the usual practice in the renovation-for-resale business. Martha, who had

left her job in '79 to keep the books and generally become more involved in the work of the company, now decided that "the best contribution I could make would be to bring in some money." She went to work as a real estate agent for A.E. LePage. Not surprisingly, she feels very confident in the job.

After they sold the Bridges Street house, the Shinyeis bought a house on Liverpool Street to live in (their furniture is finally out of storage), and they have no intention of selling it.

Doug, meanwhile, was building up a reputation renovating houses for other people. Like Peggy Shaw. She bought one of the Twelve Apostles, 12 small red brick houses on Brunswick Street, built in the 1860s as officers' quarters. "When I was contemplating buying it, my nephew told me that if I could get Doug Shinyei to do it, I'd be very lucky." She is delighted with the result of Doug's careful work, including exposing brick walls from under more than eight coats of paint. Peggy Shaw is especially pleased about the way every available space has been used. "He started work the first of December and finished it seven weeks later. And he came in under budget."

Doug Shinyei speaks warmly of his workers and feels "an obligation to keep my people employed for as long as I can." His strong sense of social responsibility was nurtured in childhood. It wasn't easy being Japanese-Canadians in post-war Winnipeg, especially when his parents made a conscious effort not to restrict themselves to the Japanese enclave, but to be part of the larger community. "My parents earned the respect of the community for their dependability. Many neighbors relied on them. As kids, we weren't allowed to do anything that might tarnish that reputation."

In the house on Henry Street, after a brief interruption while electrician, carpenter and student helpers watch the photo being taken, work has started again. "They're a good team," says Doug Shinyei. And so are Doug 'n' Martha.

Monitoring the Moonies

Most people see them as a bunch of brainwashed street zombies. But some theologians say no

By Alexander Bruce

You've probably met him on the street corner or in an airport. His sallow face and trusting eyes accost you. "Excuse me," he blurts, "I'm working for the Unification Church, and I have some literature which might interest you." The Unification Church. That rings a bell. Aren't they the zombie-like Jesus freaks of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, better known as "Moonies"? You feel sorry for the boy. He's so young, and polite. You drop a quarter into his coffer, vaguely hoping he'll buy himself a cup of coffee.

Trevor Brown, 32, the church's missionary in Nova Scotia, says such knee-jerk reactions only hide the truth about the Unification Church. Clean-cut and tweedy, Brown looks more like an accountant than a follower of one of the world's most publicized and controversial new religions.

"Our big problem is dealing with people's assumptions," Brown says. "Nearly everyone has heard stories of how we supposedly brainwash people and take their money. And the media, in its effort to find a good story, often ignores a lot of research necessary to understand us. I'm trying to make

people aware of who we are and what we do."

The Unification Church International (originally, the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity) was founded in Seoul, South Korea, in 1954 by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, a Presbyterian scholar and minister, after he claimed he saw Jesus in a vision. Reverend Moon said God wanted people to discard their religions and unite in Christian brotherhood, respect family traditions and obey religious authority. Moon formed a corps of foreign missionaries who carried this message to 129 countries, including Japan, the United States, West Germany and Canada. Today, there are roughly three million Moonies in the world.

Brown says the church's activities reflect its goal to unite humanity. "We are an evangelical operation," he says. "Our aim is to bring God's love to people. For example, we sponsor a yearly International Conference for the Unity of the Sciences — a symposium on world affairs for scholars in every field — and Project Volunteer, which works with over 300 relief organizations around the world.

As well, many church members have started community service programs such as a shoppers' bus service for senior citizens in Toronto, a toy-lending library and English teaching for recent immigrants."

The Unification Church came to Nova Scotia in 1977, but it was just last summer when Brown became the region's full-time missionary. "We had a drop-in centre and a study centre here for years," he says, "but we were only catering to a handful of people." He arrived in Halifax with a team of 20 workers. They visited churches, held lectures and conducted a fund-raising drive. The team eventually left Brown behind and since then he's contacted dozens of Nova Scotians who, he says, are interested in the church. "I study regularly with about 20 people. But I've spoken with over 100 others, and there are several hundred I've yet to contact."

Brown is excited about the church in Nova Scotia. He thinks this region is a microcosm of Canadian culture and diversity and therefore, a challenge to the ideals of Reverend Moon. "Nova Scotia is a land of great differences," he says. "Here, people of French, Scots, British, Caribbean, German, Loyalist descent co-exist. I'm struck by the awareness of race relations and by the obvious problems. This emphasis on heritage is very important in my work."

So far, the religious community in Nova Scotia seems ambivalent about the Unification Church, though a few theologians are openly supportive. "No one can deny that the Unification Church is a *bona fide* religious movement," says Rev. Martin Rumscheidt, of the United Church of Canada. He teaches at the Atlantic School of Theology and has lectured at the Unifica-



DAVID NICHOLS

Brown: "We are an evangelical operation"

tion Theological Seminary in New York State. "Actually, I am very impressed with the level of scholarship of some of my contacts in the church."

"The Unification Church is no different from any other religious group," agrees Professor Tom Sinclair-Faulkner, chairman of the department of religion at Dalhousie University. "They deserve the same rights and privileges as other churches."

But others feel the church's fine principles and good works are just fronts for the schemes of a few power-hungry people. Critics accuse the church of exploiting and abusing its members, evading federal taxes in both Canada and the United States, investing in companies that manufacture arms, and supporting fascist governments.

Controversy has followed the church even to Nova Scotia. In 1978, the Better Business Bureau accused the church of breaking the rules governing public charities. More recently, the Halifax and Wolfville

chapters of the Canadian Society of Friends (the Quakers) have grown concerned about the physical and mental health of Moonies.

"In Halifax, we're not as worried about this as they are in Wolfville," says Valerie Osborne, clerk of the Halifax Meeting of Friends. "There are a few people in the Valley who've had personal experiences with the church, and they're trying to get a film shown on the church's treatment of its members."

One Lutheran minister went so far as to report in the *Dalhousie Gazette* last year that "ritual sex characterized the Moon communes... and that sex with Moon was supposed to purify the body and soul."

The Quakers also worry about the church's stand on political issues such as disarmament and communism, and how this will affect their relationship with other religions. "The Unification Church appears to take such a hard line

on some of these issues, and recently we were the subject of a virulent attack in one of their papers," says Valerie Osborne. "They apparently didn't like our pacifism."

Martin Rumscheidt disapproves of the church's secretiveness — especially concerning its financial activities. "My concern was that I didn't understand how the church was getting its funding. I knew Reverend Moon had investments in the fisheries in North America and in ginseng tea, but I couldn't find out anything else."

"What can I say?" Brown says. "Frankly, people who attack the Unification Church are on a crusade. They're attacking a new religion, after all. And anything that's new in religion is automatically bad, or perverse."

Brown dismisses the claim that church money is imprudently invested, and defends the church's position on communism and disarmament. "Reverend Moon would never use church funds for his own purpose. At the same time, he can't see heads of state and look shabby. But what opulence he has belongs to the church. I think investing in arms manufacturers is justifiable. Freedom in the world must be protected. But we also manufacture lathes for use in industrial development around the world. Really, though, communism is the biggest single threat in the world today."

Brown is more concerned with the notion that church members are abused. He stresses that good missionaries encourage pupils to keep in touch with their families. "Family is, after all, a cornerstone of Unification philosophy." People are free to come and go as they please, and keep their property. Though, he admits, some do choose to

make hefty contributions to the church.

"The real evil," he says, "comes from those deprogrammers — I'll call them faith-breakers. Most of them are real criminals."

Brown speaks from experience. Last year, in Toronto, he was kidnapped and locked in a tiny room for 15 days. He was guarded the whole time. He wasn't allowed to watch television or read newspapers. And he was bombarded with the "horrible truth" about the Unification Church night and day. "My faith was ultimately too strong for them," he recalls, "but the whole ordeal was emotionally draining."

Tom Sinclair-Faulkner has studied deprogramming and believes the process is effective in only 40% of the cases and involves violence and low-level torture. "There is hard evidence," he says, "to suggest that most converts to the Unification Church drop out of their own free will within two years, and those who remain are often people who have been kidnapped and have escaped."

Brown thinks deprogrammers do more damage to families than the Unification Church ever could. "My brother who hired the deprogrammers lost nearly \$18,000," he says. "He was really ripped off."

But, in fact, Brown is philosophical about most of the criticism of his church. "It is good that people are skeptical. It means people are interested. I want to confront some of these critics and get rid of the myths that surround our activities."

For now he's content to hang on to his few dedicated pupils. "It's important that those interested people really learn what we are trying to do... that they learn the truth."

Religious unification, after all, takes time.

What's happened to those really big shows?

When Dalhousie Arts Centre's funding flew out the window, so did the big name acts

Harry Belafonte, Isaac Stern, Luciano Pavarotti. They're all world renowned musicians, and they all performed at the Dalhousie Arts Centre. And probably not one will ever return. Thanks to rising costs, flagging ticket sales and underfunding, the Arts Centre can no longer attract many big name acts. And this is just the tip of an iceberg.

In the past three years, severe money problems have wiped out some of the Centre's most interesting programs, and caused organizers to reassess their cultural policies. "It is important for people to realize that in tough times, art is the first thing to suffer," says Eric Perth, director of Dalhousie cultural activities. "Right now, it is very difficult to create a well-rounded arts program."

When the Arts Centre opened in 1971, it was the only performing arts complex in the province. Housing the 1,041-seat Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, the Sir James Dunn Theatre and the Dalhousie Art Gallery, the Centre became a cultural mecca for the region. The auditoriums were booked year-round with dance, theatre, chamber music, recitals and comedy shows, and the art gallery exhibited the works of top international and local artists. Support for all this activity came

mostly from Dalhousie. But in 1980, the university cut back on its arts funding. As government grew more restrained, so did the university, and by early 1983, the Arts Centre had lost 45% of its funding. Meanwhile, the costs of performances and exhibits had gone up while audiences had dwindled.

This year, Perth has roughly \$240,000 to spend on "cultural activities." That's to book and operate 15 stage shows, 13 Sunday night movies and four travelogues. To be comfortable, he says he'd need another \$150,000. He admits the cuts have affected his programming. "We've become more commercial. We always were able to speculate a bit. Now we can't bring in acts that don't bring in audiences."

The fall lineup features Edith Butler, Mary O'Hara, Moe Koffman, the stage play *Joey*, the musical *Rock and Roll*, and the country music group The Good Brothers. Not one act is likely to fail with Halifax audiences. "Most of what we've programmed is fairly safe," Perth says. "Apart from Moe Koffman, there is no jazz. I can't bring in international chamber music, recitalists or modern

dance."

Unlike the cultural activities department, the Dalhousie Art Gallery does not generate revenue. Exhibits are free. The gallery is wholly dependent on funding. Director Linda Milrod says that last year the university cut her usable program funds by 38%. "We suffered the worst individual cuts in the university. We were left to depend on outside grants for specific projects."

She tried to absorb the shortages in areas not visible to the public. The gallery stopped mail-outs, shortened or combined calendars, cut expensive exhibitions, reduced fees to artists and displayed more local work. The gallery came in under budget. "I regard the 1982-83 season a great success," says Milrod. "We put on the best program ever and had a budget surplus of \$4,000."

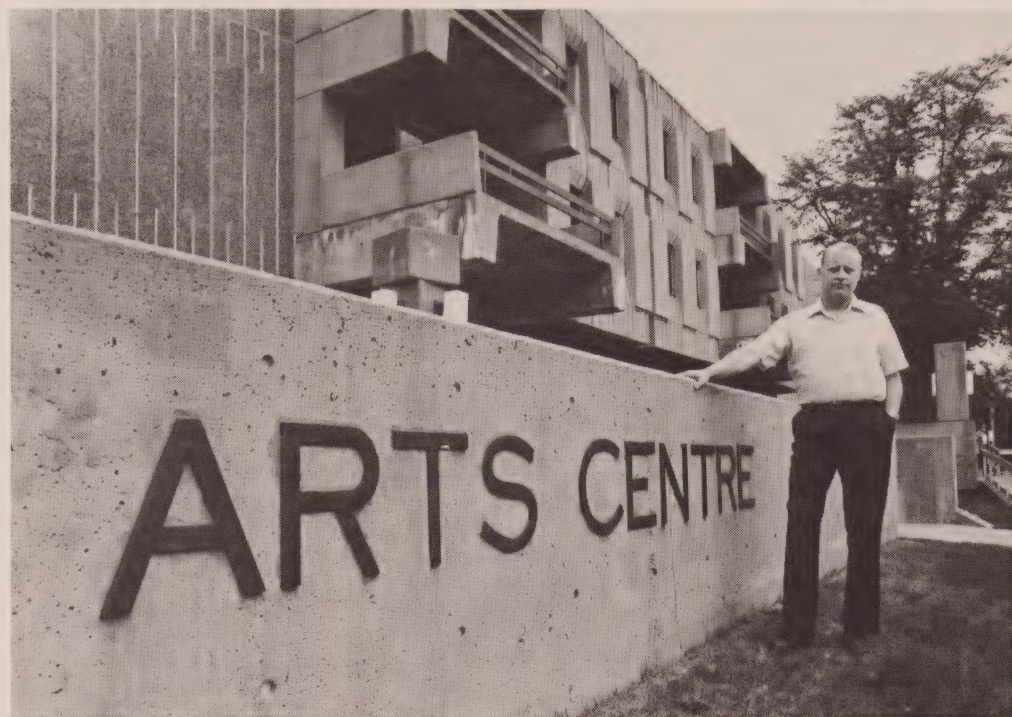
But she can't imagine fat-trimming forever. At some point, decreased funding will force her to scrape the gallery's bones. "We cannot count on outside funding for our core expenses," she says. "It is a real competition to get that money. It is extremely important to maintain funds from Dalhousie University."

Eric Perth agrees, but is, nonetheless, optimistic. "Dalhousie is here to teach," he says. "Before it cuts academic programs, it will naturally cut its public activities. But I see things improving. We're not as badly off as Hamilton, for instance. There's a kind of hope in the air."

But Perth would like to change the public's attitude towards the Arts Centre. In its early days, the Centre may have been little more than a university showcase. But it now functions as a municipal arena for the performing arts. It contains the only auditorium in the city with acoustics good enough to accommodate a symphony orchestra, and its rehearsal halls are open to professional musicians and actors. It also assists other provincial arts organizations with advice and bookings. But the Centre doesn't get a penny from the city.

The Centre may have a long wait before it gets the money it needs. The provincial government recently announced only small funding increases to Dalhousie University this year. As the administration looks for places to trim the fat, the Arts Centre will likely be up first at the chopping back.

—Alexander Bruce



Perth: "In tough times, art is the first thing to suffer"

PROFILE

The mystery mogul of the Maritimes

R.B. Cameron's a blustering, bullying caricature of a tycoon, who seems to delight in his own outrageous behavior. Does he also have a soft side?

By Stephen Kimber

Now you listen to me, Mr. Kimber! You hear me out!"

So far, all I've done is say hello.

Robert Burns Cameron doesn't care. The chairman of Maritime Steel and Foundries Ltd. and Cameron Contracting Ltd., the president of R.B. Cameron Ltd., Tidal Power Corp., Cape Breton Heavy Water Ltd. and Deuterium of Canada Ltd.; and director of both Dover Mills Ltd. and the Royal Bank of Canada has heard I'm writing an article about him and he's called to set a few things straight.

"I'm old hat," he barks into the telephone in a raspy, high-pitched voice that is one part light, good humor and nine parts brusque, military command. "My son's the one you should look to now. He is. Now I'm not trying to con you, Mr. Kim — , no, I'm not. . . . and I'm not whining — I don't want to do that — but I'm tired of things being written about me. Tired of it. So you go ahead — talk to any damn one you please — but you'll get no interview with me. Is that clear? . . . And, Mr. Kimber?"

Yes.

"Don't make me cross with you? Please?"

As abruptly as he began, R.B. Cameron hangs up.

"If you were writing a novel and you wanted to create a caricature of a tycoon," says Halifax investment dealer Don Ripley with more than a little admiration, "R.B. Cameron would have to be your model."

Cameron, the New Glasgow-born industrialist who has become one of the richest and most powerful — not to mention unpredictable — men in Atlantic Canada, is a certifiable caricature: He's



Cameron: A reputation for business acumen and eccentricity

a balding, bullying, blustering, larger-than-life, 64-year-old businessman who chomps unlit cigars out of the side of his mouth, dresses in black, orders politicians and the press about like servants and seems to delight in his own outsized, outrageous behavior.

There is, of course, another side to the man — "I think he's basically a shy

person," says Dartmouth businessman Arnie Patterson, who's known Cameron for 25 years — but it isn't easy to uncover evidence of it.

Most acquaintances know he wouldn't take kindly to their talking about him. "Did Bob Cameron give you permission to ask me questions, laddie?" Pictou County historian James M. Cameron (no relation) demands when I call to ask about Cameron. When I tell him he didn't, he hangs up, too.

Others, even powerful businessmen, refuse to talk about him unless guaranteed anonymity. "He's so unpredictable," says one. "You never know what he'll do." Employees are even more nervous. When I called his publishing company to find out how many newspapers he now owns, three senior employees refused to tell me. "You'll have to find out for yourself," said one.

Despite his penchant for privacy, almost everyone I talked to has a favorite Cameron story. Like the now infamous one about his behavior at a stiffly formal Bank of Nova Scotia annual dinner at the Hotel Nova Scotian in Halifax several years ago. The bank had brought in a high-powered New York investment analyst to address the invited guests, a who's who of 600 of the country's top businessmen. In the middle of a long and rambling speech,

Cameron stood up and bluntly told the speaker to sit down. "All right now," he said, "you've said enough. Sit down and we'll give you a round of applause." When the speaker continued with his talk anyway, Cameron walked out. He later flew to New York and Toronto to apologize to the speaker and the bank.

On another occasion, when Cameron



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PROFILE

discovered that John Whitaker, a former adviser to U.S. president Nixon, had moved to Yarmouth and was now writing a column for the *Vanguard*, a newspaper Cameron owned, Cameron decided he should meet Whitaker. He sent a plane down to Yarmouth to pick him up and fly him to Halifax, where a limousine was waiting to drive him to the prestigious Halifax Club for lunch. But during lunch, Cameron ignored him. Even after they adjourned to Cameron's private apartment for drinks, Cameron continued to act as if Whitaker didn't exist. Finally, Cameron turned to him, abruptly told him he would send him "something" in the mail on Monday, and then ignored him again for the remainder of the afternoon. He never sent the material and Whitaker never heard from him again.

Whitaker himself would not confirm or deny that the incident took place. "I don't want to talk about him," he says. "Suffice it to say, he's a strange man."

But R.B. Cameron is more than just a rich eccentric. Since his first stint as president of the publicly owned Sydney Steel plant from 1968 to 1972, he's also been a vitally important, if unelected and almost unknown, political power.

He recently handed over day-to-day control of the business empire to his son R. B. Jr. and now spends a good part of the year out of the country. But Cameron remains an almost mythic figure in political and business circles.

Conservative leader Brian Mulroney, for example, who couldn't find time in his schedule to participate in a debate with other candidates in this summer's Central Nova byelection, quickly made time when Cameron invited him to visit his Pictou County home in Chance Harbour.

"Young man," Cameron told the new Tory leader, "you're excellent, just excellent." When Mulroney tried to thank him, Cameron flashed what one Halifax businessman calls his "Emmett Kelly grin" and cut him off. "Now just a minute," he said, wagging a finger in Mulroney's direction. "You are. Excellent. And don't the people love it, too?"

There are those who will tell you that Cameron's own most recent shadow dance with the limelight — his still mysterious role as financier for the would-be-but-isn't Atlantic Schooners Canadian Football League franchise — was motivated by a desire to finally be loved (or at least remembered) by Nova Scotians. *Globe and Mail* sports reporter Paul Palango, for one, speculated that Cameron may have invested a rumored \$100,000 in the Halifax-based professional team because he believed "the time is ripe to build a monument to his family's achievements — R.B. Cameron presents the Atlantic Schooners in eight or more fun-filled games at the R.B. Cameron Stadium."

Most of those who know him, however, discount that notion. "He's not interested in monuments or in sports," says one. "He's interested in money. And he thought the Schooners would make money. He was just wrong about that, that's all."

R. B. Cameron has rarely been wrong when it comes to money.

A hard-driving, driven Presbyterian Scot, Robert Burns Cameron was born in 1919 in New Glasgow, a rugged northern Nova Scotia mining and industrial town that has nurtured more than its share of high-powered businessmen, including the Sobeyes, Fiskes and Camerons. "Pictou County tends to breed strong individualists," says former federal MP Elmer MacKay.

Cameron's father, Scott, was an ambitious blacksmith who eventually became president of Maritime Steel and Foundries Ltd., a light steel fabricating plant in New Glasgow. As a result, Cameron's Depression-era childhood was far from impoverished. Though some have suggested he was spoiled as a child, a friend from that era insists, "His father was a real disciplinarian." An "aggressive, competitive boy," he was active in sports, including running, tennis and hockey. After attending local schools, he went off to the equally aggressive and competitive Royal Military College in Kingston, Ont.

Graduating just as the Second World War began, he became commander of the 1st Field Squadron of the Fifth Division and served in England, Italy and Western Europe. "He was a real war hero," says one Cameron admirer. "I gather there was this one time when his guys were getting all chewed up by the enemy and R. B. just picked up this Sten gun and took off after the Germans. He brought back some prisoners too." For his military service, Cameron won the Distinguished Service Order.

Back in Nova Scotia, he studied engineering at Nova Scotia Technical College in Halifax for two years. While his brother, Clyde, joined the family business and eventually became its president after their father died, R. B. launched his own construction company.

One of the company's first projects — and the beginning of Cameron's reputation as a smart, hustling entrepreneur — involved dismantling some temporary wartime housing for the federal government. In partnership with Frank Sobey (Sobey's brother, the late Harold Sobey, married Cameron's sister Helen), Cameron devised a scheme that involved jacking up the prefabs, sliding them into a nearby river, loading them on barges and ferrying them to nearby Stellarton for reassembly.

Soon, thanks in part to the patron-

age of a Pictou County boy who'd made good — R. MacGregor Stewart, the patriarch of Stewart, MacKeen and Covert, one of Halifax's most important corporate law firms — Cameron began landing large contracts in Halifax, including one to build a new Dalhousie University rink. By 1949, according to author Peter Newman, Cameron had become a millionaire. Two years later, he moved his company and himself to Halifax where his growing family — he and his wife, Florence, eventually had eight children — set up housekeeping in a large house in well-to-do Boulderwood on the Northwest Arm.

Ten years later, in a move that has never been completely explained, Cameron bought out his brother's interest in Maritime Steel and took over that operation as well. Some suggest the brothers had a falling out. After the takeover, his brother moved to the west coast.

Though never a flashy operator — there are stories he sometimes wore paper clips for cuff-links — Cameron already had a reputation, both for his business acumen and for his eccentricities. "I remember visiting Frank Sobey's home in the early Sixties," says Halifax art dealer Robert Manuge, "and this man came in and he was ranting and raving. After he left, I said to Mr. Sobey, 'That man talks wild!' " That man was R.B. Cameron.

"R.B. played the markets very successfully," offers Arnie Patterson, "but I think a lot more of his success came from following the Sobey and [Nova Scotia industrialist Roy] Jodrey [investing] trend than he'd like to admit now."

Cameron's close relationship with Sobey — then the chairman of Industrial Estates Ltd., the province's high profile, industry-seeking agency — as well as his own success at Maritime Steel and Foundries convinced G. I. Smith's Conservative government he was just the man to run Cape Breton's vital but crumbling Sydney Steel works after foreign-owned Hawker Siddeley abandoned it in 1967. At the time, the steel operation seemed as economically doomed as it was politically critical. But Cameron quickly managed to set and break production targets and even squeezed a small, \$2.5-million profit out of the antiquated operation in his first year at the helm.

Hailed as a hero at the time, Cameron's continued good favor was considered so important to the then-Tory administration that G. I. Smith is said to have interrupted important cabinet meetings in mid-sentence if Cameron called.

Though Cameron's successes were later challenged by critics who claimed he fudged the books to make things look better than they actually were — he quit the job in 1972 — Premier John

PROFILE

Buchanan brought him back as interim president again in 1979.

It was a far less successful stint; the plant was badly deteriorated and \$300 million in debt by then. But government officials say it didn't take much coaxing to get Cameron back. "I think R. B. Cameron has always had a very real sense of public responsibility," says Elmer MacKay.

That sense of responsibility has never included the public's right to know. When he was forced to call a press conference in 1980 to explain his decision to lay off 900 steelworkers and shut down a blast furnace, Cameron characteristically snapped at reporters: "Pay attention and you won't have to ask so many questions!"

During the same period, with opposition MLAs calling for his resignation, Cameron approached then-CBC-TV reporter John O'Brien and told him he'd consent to an interview on the condition O'Brien ask only one question and that Cameron would tell him what to ask. "I figured that once we were rolling, I'd be able to get in a few more questions, so I agreed," O'Brien, now Premier Buchanan's press secretary, recalls.

He never got the chance. "Mr. Cameron," O'Brien began, asking the pre-arranged question, "Will you resign as president of SYSCO?"

"No!" Cameron answered, turned on his heels and walked away. A moment later, he returned to the microphone, added a terse "Thank you," and disappeared again.

Ironically, for a man with so little use for the press — he once told freelance journalist Parker Barss Donham, "You belong to a vile breed!" — Cameron is now one of the region's key community newspaper publishers. Beginning with the 1977 purchase of the *Kentville Advertiser*, his Cameron Publications Ltd. now owns two modern printing plants, eight Nova Scotia weekly newspapers (combined circulation 55,000), specialty publications for the fishing and farming industry, a weekly television listings guide and a summer publication for

tourists.

Cameron's original aim appears to have been to establish his own Halifax-based daily newspaper. He held talks with Southam's, the national chain, about a possible partnership but that deal collapsed as did an attempt to buy up Halifax's *Daily News* (at the time the *Bedford-Sackville News*). While the idea of a daily "isn't active at the moment," a company insider speculates that Cameron hasn't totally abandoned the notion.

Why publishing?

"Why does R. B. Cameron do anything?" asks a Halifax businessman rhetorically. "Who knows why he got it into his head to be in the newspaper business? Or football? Or the Royal Bank for that matter? The only thing that counts is that he makes them work for him." Some of them, anyway.

Cameron succeeded the late industrialist J. C. MacKeen as Nova Scotia's representative on the Royal Bank's board in 1973. Normally, members of the board of directors own a few thousand bank shares to maintain appearances. Not Cameron. Until he began peddling huge chunks of his bank holdings last year — worth about \$10 million — Cameron was considered the Royal Bank's largest single stockholder, with more than 500,000 shares.

Despite intense speculation about why he sold — ranging from the belief he planned to personally bankroll the football team's \$30-million stadium to suggestions he was moving his money out of the country as part of his retirement plan — Cameron himself has never discussed it publicly.

"The only thing I can tell you about why he does things," says a Halifax businessman, "is that Cameron eats, sleeps and breathes money. I saw him during the worst of the recession and all he could talk about was the fact that his in-laws were doing better than he was and that the value of his Royal Bank stock had been knocked in half by the economy. It's like a disease with him, a money disease."

Others are more charitable. "You know," says a businessman who's spent time with Cameron recently, "I think he'd give it all away — every penny — just to have his wife healthy again." As a result of his wife's respiratory problems, the Camerons now spend a good deal of time at another home they've established in Arizona.


Cameron is, most agree, devoted to his wife and family. Though regarded as a stern disciplinarian ("I heard one of his grown sons addressing him on the telephone as 'Sir,'" notes another businessman), he can also be fiercely protective as well. "One of his daughters got sick in Maine once," recounts a family friend. "He flew down in his plane to get her and carried her to the plane himself, defying Customs and anyone else who got in his way so he could bring her home."

Another daughter, Margaret Ann, died of kidney failure in 1959 even though Cameron had donated one of his own kidneys in an attempt to save her. To this day, Cameron wears a black tie in her memory. "Her death just devastated him," explains a friend. "He still can't talk about it without crying."

That is the side of Cameron he rarely shows, even to friends, and certainly never to the public. "The bluster and highhandedness are put on," says a former employee. "Cameron's really a very, very shy, sentimental guy." He pauses. "At least I think he is."

By refusing to be interviewed, by being bloody-minded in public and keeping his good deeds a secret — "If you knew the people he's helped," says a businessman, "you'd be astonished" — Cameron almost encourages that ambivalence.

"I don't know whether he's a saint or a pirate," confesses Arnie Patterson. "He's abrasive, insulting, erratic, smart as hell, generous, a bully. I normally don't like bullies, but ... I like R.B. Cameron ... at times. He's a mystery man, that's all."

That's the way he prefers it, thanks all the same. 

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AGRICULTURE



PHOTOS BY JAMES WILSON

Clinton's happy when customers start their own herb gardens

Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme . . .

And that's just the beginning. Clinton Wiesel's New Brunswick herb farm is a gastronome's glimpse of paradise

Do you like steak?" Clinton Wiesel asks.

You bet.

"Well the best steak sauce there is, is to take a pat of butter, put it on a plate, make a little hollow in it, and put in some of this." He plucks an elegant spray of tarragon from the plant at his feet and hands it to you to taste.

The first impression is of a faintly

musky piquancy; then a second flavor, liquorice-like, strikes the palate. "A couple shots of Worcestershire sauce," Clinton is saying. "Then take the hot side of your steak and put it down on the butter. When it melts and runs out, brush it over the top of the steak . . .

"Do you like tomatoes?"

A visit to Clint Wiesel's farm, five minutes from the growing traffic of New

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Brunswick's Route 1, is like that. A teeth-on tour of fields redolent with basil, sage, savory and dill. A nibbler's free-for-all through the flavor spectrum, from marjoram, decorous and sweet, to peppers whose fiery temperament brings tears to the eye. A gastronome's glimpse of paradise.

The 60-acre farm on the Parleeville Road, north of the Kennebecasis River valley village of Norton, began as a hobby after Clinton and Joyce Wiesel retired from city life in Saint John seven years ago. The couple's early attempts to wring some profit from its operation, growing more conventional crops, were discouraging. High-volume local competitors could beat their price on cabbage. Imports from Michigan undercut them on radishes.

By a process of elimination, they finally settled on commercial production of the herbs Clinton had grown for his own kitchen for two decades. At last the Wiesel's Herb Farm (the name's on a neatly stencilled sign by the road) has its field to itself; no one else in Atlantic Canada, at least, so far as the Wiesels are aware, makes a business out of growing herbs.

The Wiesels do grow other things:

Their exotic flowers include Chinese forget-me-not, Siberian wallflower, California poppies, 10 varieties of daisy, all grown as bedding plants.

Camomile, lavender and lemon balm are among the herbs they grow for medicinal, rather than strictly culinary, virtues. Edible produce, too, runs to the unusual: Italian pear tomatoes, out-of-season fresh strawberries (from several everbearing varieties).

But it is the herbs, anise to watercress, that draw a growing stream of delighted visitors from Moncton, Saint John and Fredericton to this out-of-the-way mecca for jaded palates. "The gourmets, the people who get into learning to cook all over again," Joyce Wiesel says, "they're the people who come up here." They leave clutching scented sprays of fresh thyme, and coriander and rosemary in pots for planting.

Like many of life's pleasures, acquiring the Wiesels' herbs entails some inconvenience. You have to go to the farm; you can't buy them on the supermarket shelf. Of the more than 30 culinary herbs they grow, only parsley is distributed to the region's supermarkets. Wholesale buyers have experimented with others, but sales were dismal.

Clinton blames the lamentable ignorance of the region's cooks. "Take dill," he fumes. "People won't buy it unless it's a seed. And that's the wrong part [of the plant]!"

Ironically, one of the region's biggest

spice distributors, Barbour's, is located less than 16 km away at Sussex, but does not buy any of the Herb Farm's produce, preferring the economies of dried shipments from Third World producers. "But their employees come out here and buy their fresh herbs," Clinton says. "They know the names, and they want to see what they look like?"

The attraction is not only that you can see oregano or cumin in their natural state. Or even that a single bruised leaf of fresh herb puts the dried and bottled variety to shame. There is the lure as well of choices within choices: Three kinds of basil, as many of thyme, two each of oregano and tarragon.

A taste test proves the diversity is real. Russian tarragon (the type you get if you buy seeds from a seed-house) has the strong pepper-musky flavor associated with the herb. French tarragon (which does not grow from seed and must be propagated from a living plant) is gentler, the peppery first impression subsiding into lingering sweetness tinged with liquorice flavor. True peppermint is innocent of the harsh after-taste of the more commonly available mountain mint.

Having at last found a commercial

niche, the Wiesels are eyeing expansion. A recently erected new greenhouse will triple the size of their indoor growing space. Joyce is casting

about for new packaging for the herbal teas and salves she makes from her own recipes (in the meantime, incidentally, she will custom-mix a blend if requested). Next summer's herb choices will be even more extensive than last.

The profit motive, however, clearly runs a distant second to the sheer love of herbs with the Wiesels. Clinton will happily sell you as many bundles of fresh basil and oregano as you want. But he is just as happy, possibly happier, when customers take away plants and start their own herb gardens. (For basics, he recommends parsley, sweet basil, thyme, summer savory, sweet marjoram, and French tarragon. All grow well indoors in peat and vermiculite or sterile potting soil.)

On almost any day an afternoon drive will catch Joyce and Clinton Wiesel at home, as Joyce puts it, "by chance or by appointment." But the pleasure of a walk through the Herb Farm's scented fields is really only the tease. The more substantial satisfaction comes later, in that moment when the candles are lit, the wine is poured, and that first savory scent wafting in from the kitchen awakens the taste buds to the imminent arrival of a steak, thick and rare, and gleaming with the best steak sauce there is.

— Chris Wood

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OLKS

In the past couple of years, **Edward Arsenault** of Cape Egmont, P.E.I., has been asked the same question thousands of times: "Where did you get all the bottles?" It's an obvious query for somebody who's constructed two small buildings from bottles (the largest took

create brilliant patterns in the walls where the light glows through from outside. A row of square scotch bottles makes an eave; green wine bottles decorate a ridgepole. Arsenault's one-acre property is a work of art in itself: A keen gardener, he grows vegetables and hundreds of bright, fragrant flowers on the grounds.

Only in Newfoundland, you say?" Not anymore. Bentley Fresh Brew, a tea blended and packaged in St. John's by businessman **Don Evans**, will be on store shelves this fall in the Maritimes and New England. Evans, 37, a relative newcomer to the industry, has been selling his mild-flavored blend in Newfoundland for the past two years. His small company has spent thousands of dollars researching tea brands and buying habits since it was incorporated four years ago. A former food and beverage

money, and although he doesn't expect to outsell the tea giants, he still likes to describe his product as "the cognac of teas."

At nine, **John Douglas** wrote a play he copied from a Cecil B. De Mille flick. At 10, he was a child radio actor. Today, at 48, he's writing, acting and tackling one of his most challenging assignments: Dramatizing for radio two best sellers in a series of six on Canadian history written by Robert E. Wall. The shows start this month on *Sunday Stereo Theatre* on CBC Stereo. But that's not all. Douglas also plays the part of Father Desmerais, superior general of the Jesuit order in New France, who conceals the young hero of the series. Douglas calls the epic "very rich and suggestive" but says it's been tough to adapt for radio — a medium of "great quality at small expense." A native of Toronto, Douglas spent 10 years in Halifax as part of the original company at Neptune Theatre and later as a radio drama producer. Theatre in the early Sixties, he says, "Almost all Canada was a backwater." But the company learned a lot. "We believed in what we were doing," he says. They all found it hard to adjust to Halifax but liked the province. "Nova Scotia was an instant love," he says. In Halifax, Douglas created the docudrama *The Wooden World* and received an ACTRA Award for his radio production of *Colette*, then returned to Toronto in '76 for a job in radio drama before plunging into full-time freelance writing. "I left Halifax, which was too big a city," he says. "I needed to go back to a small town like Toronto."

Michel Blanchard's name hit New Brunswick's English language press with a bang this summer, when Premier Richard Hatfield chose him to serenade the Prince and Princess of Wales during a banquet at Saint John. Among the province's Acadians, however, neither the name nor the controversy came as much of a surprise. For a decade, Blanchard, a 35-year-old actor, director, playwright, songwriter and singer, and sometime separatist politician, has been an active member of the Acadians' buoyant cultural renaissance. In 1979, with the help of several other artists, all members of a cultural co-operative, he took over an imposing mansion in the northeastern New Brunswick town of Caraquet and turned it into a successful restaurant-bar-cabaret and art gallery called La Grande Maison. He's also produced local TV shows for the Acadian peninsula's short-lived *Tele-Publik* and written plays for production by the Théâtre Populaire d'Acadie. He ran (unsuccessfully) for the Parti Acadien against former Liberal leader Doug Young in last October's provincial election in New Brunswick, and his sister is Parti Acadien leader Louise Blanchard. But when it comes to his work, he says, it's "music first, politics second." He's now completing a science

RICHARD FURLONG

Edward Arsenault: "I wanted to do something different"

12,000) and is working on a third. The answer? Just about everywhere — from the dump, from friends, from some of the thousands of tourists who visit his glass houses every summer. Arsenault, 69, a retired lobster fisherman and builder, began collecting bottles in all shapes, sizes and colors in 1979. He wanted something to do with his time, he says, so he decided to build a tourist attraction beside his house, overlooking Northumberland Strait. "I've worked with logs and with stones, and I wanted to do something different," he says. "It's better to do that than watch TV." He finished his first building, a 24-by-18-foot structure, in 1980. "People around here told me when I started they would all break in the winter, but I took a chance, and they didn't," he says. He carefully matches colors and sizes of bottles when he mortars them into place to

wholesaler, Evans learned the tea business from the ground floor. In 1978, he travelled to the tea-growing regions of India and East Africa in search of just the right kind of leaves. He then visited the great tea houses of Britain and in the process earned a reputation as an expert tea-taster. "You don't have to be a wise old sage sipping and spitting to be an expert taster," he says. "Anybody can develop the skill if they hang around tea houses long enough." Newfoundlanders rank with the Irish as the biggest tea drinkers in the western world, about three million pounds a year or six pounds per person. They drink more tea than the English and three times as much as the average Canadian. Evans' research showed that although the market was highly competitive, with Tetley and Red Rose leading in sales, there was still room for a newcomer. So far, his tea is making

fiction play called *Chez Zolt's*, and plans a recording session this fall with his 10-piece, cabaret-style band (also called Zolt's). A record will be out before Christmas, he promises. And yes, it will contain that famous song to Princess Diana.

With the trenchant wit of a younger Roy Peterson, and a wickedly pointed pen reminiscent of Montreal's Aislin, artist **Roland Jean**, of Saint John, N.B., turns the weapons of caricature and political cartooning on some of the region's most tempting targets. Richard Hatfield appears in the leather and safety pins of a London punk. EPA chieftan Harry Steele, in faultless pinstripe, crunches a rolled dollar bill in place of a cigar. K.C. Irving is drawn with a gasoline spout for a nose. Born 27 years ago in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, Jean began drawing at age 14. His work soon began appearing in the pages of the independent local press and in magazines as far afield as Africa. Within months of moving to Moncton in 1979, his caricatures began appearing in the *Moncton Times*, the now defunct *L'Évangeline*, on Radio Canada TV show *Coup d'Oeil*, and the magazine *New Maritimes*. Earlier this year, Jean moved with his wife, Elizabeth, and their twin three-year-olds to Saint John, and Jean began working on what he hopes will become a modest money-spinner in the uncertain world of freelance cartooning — a calendar of rock and roll personalities in caricature, to be distributed in Toronto and New York. And he continues to find plenty of material for his ready imagination in the affairs of Atlantic Canada. Like political cartoonists everywhere, he says, "I lack power. I'm frustrated. That's why I love to draw power."



Cartoonist Jean: "I love to draw power"

Blanchard: "Music first, politics second"



It's a safe bet that when **Jerry Fultz** of Pentz, N.S., addresses a letter, it will include the postal code. After all, he helped invent it: He was the key man in a Canada Post team of specialists who modernized the country's mail delivery in the early Seventies and developed the postal code system. Fultz, 61, who retired five years ago to his 40-acre property in Lunenburg County, began his postal career more than 40 years ago in Halifax as a special delivery boy for \$35 a month. "When I started in the Post Office," he recalls, "the street letter boxes were cleared by a man with a horse and wagon. Delivery began at seven in the morning and the last letter was delivered when the 10:30 arrived at night." Fultz interrupted his career to serve in the



Fultz: His letters always carry the postal code

RCAF in the Second World War, as a navigator for Bomber Command. After completing two combat tours over Europe, he was decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross and Bar for the risky business of pinpointing and marking enemy targets. After the war, Fultz ended up in Ottawa as director of special projects for the Post Office. When it began mechanizing letter-sorting, he had to devise a suitable coding system. That involved investigating postal systems in other countries. "It was tedious and hard work, but it paid off," he says. "Our code is excellent, and that's not to put the stamp of approval on all of today's postal system."



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The gun is a Nel-Spot 007. It looks like a .45 automatic but, until the National Survival Game discovered that sane people would pay top dollars to shoot strangers, no one aimed it at humans. Cattlemen used it to mark animals at calving time, and foresters splatted tree trunks with it. In the National Survival Game it's effective at 20 m, but you'll have to get closer to your victim than that if you want your pellets to sting and bruise. That's all part of the fun, too. "There's got to be some pain involved," a player recently told a writer for *Games* magazine. "It makes you a lot more careful."

The game is a team effort. Each squad tries to capture the other's flag while minimizing casualties. If an enemy zaps you, you must drop out, and at some battlefronts there's a spot where the "dead" can wash the paint off their skin, drink beer, and chat among themselves about tactics, kills and the ones that got away. Occasionally, two players shoot each other at the same moment, and argue like boys. ("Got you first. You're dead." "I am not. *You're* dead, and you know it.") Marksmanship matters. "In a game in Orlando, Florida," *Games* reported, "a panicky doctor and teacher chased each other around a tree for fifteen minutes, shooting and missing." Speaking of trees, a Vancouver publisher climbed one during a match near Fort Langley, B.C., and then, rather than

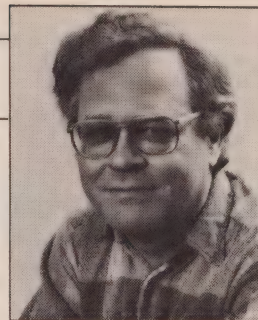
shooting an unwary enemy, dropped on him and, according to the *Globe and Mail*, "subdued him with hand-to-hand combat." If the victim had charged him with assault, the case would surely have been some kind of first in Canadian legal history.

The invention of three American men, the National Survival Game has spread across the continent under a franchise arrangement, much like McDonalds hamburger joints or Tim Horton doughnut outlets. *Games* reported that "from Buffalo to Hawaii, nearly 50 dealers — people who in civilian life are corporate attorneys, plumbing contractors, video-game store-owners, ranchers and marketing consultants — stage these mock wars. . . . By next summer, Gurnsey [Bob Gurnsey, one of the game's inventors and owners] estimates, 8,000 North Americans will be playing it on 100 different fields every weekend. One can easily foresee regional, state, even national championships. . . ." In both the States and Canada, groups of employees

**"War vets . . .
apparently find the
game neither absorbing
nor tasteful"**

at large companies now choose these afternoons of fake bloodshed over golf and tennis tournaments. (But war vets — men who once shot to kill and tasted gut-purging terror in real combat — apparently find the game neither absorbing nor tasteful.)

Gerald Campbell, 37, of Perth, Ont., brought the National Survival Game to Canada in June, 1982. (His other occupation is trapping animals.) Campbell sells survival-game franchises across the country, and told the *Globe*, "I charge royalties, and the purchasers get to use the trademark. They get equipment and they're given exclusive rights to operate in a certain region." Some companies, Campbell claims, require their salesmen to play the game in order to hone their skills because the marketplace is "a war zone," and others use it to test employees' ability to handle stress. I imagine a boss telling some trembling account executive, "Your consistent failure to capture enemy flags on Saturday afternoons suggests you're a dud at coping with stress, Jones. Unless you can



come in with a few 'kills' next weekend, I'm afraid we'll just have to let you go."

Competition invariably follows successful entrepreneurial innovation in this marvellous free-enterprise system of ours, and no sooner had the National Survival Game swept the continent than we began to hear about Combat Unlimited of Edmonton. The Avis car-rental people may have given "We try harder" to the world, but Combat Unlimited has a much cuter slogan: "Kill or be killed." Combat Unlimited uses a point system. Head wounds earn more points than torso wounds, and you can lose points by disobeying an officer or abusing a prisoner. Actually, I don't believe in taking prisoners myself. It's better to plug them at close range, and banish them to the canteen for the dead.

Such games, despite their popularity elsewhere, have not flourished in the Atlantic provinces, and surely this proves once again that the region's the victim of the most blatant discrimination. Why is it that, down here, we're always the last to enjoy punk fashions, wet T-shirt contests, video porn shows, topless massage parlors, Chevy Chase movies, women's mud wrestling, Grand Prix wrestling with the likes of Mad Man Martin and Sweet Daddy Siki, and all the other finer cultural diversions that the world has to offer? Except on this miserably deprived east coast, Canadian men and women enjoy equal opportunity to blam away at each other with paint pistols while frolicking in the forests. Yet we easterners must content ourselves with such primitive pleasures as jacking deer, dynamiting salmon pools, threatening migrant workers from Quebec, and gossiping about the sex lives of our politicians.

But maybe the "cultural lag" is getting shorter. A *Globe* story last June 7 did promise Maritimers would soon be happily "killing" one another with the Nel-Spot 007; and Larry Hulley of Combat Unlimited told the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald* on July 19 that a Maritime franchise for "his life-sized war game is in the works." It was so popular in Edmonton he was sure it would be successful down east. Let us pray that these fun games reach us before they dye a natural death. Meanwhile, I'm offering dealerships in a charmingly indigenous game that men can play for several days running. It's called Let's Play Mine Disaster, and it'll knock 'em dead. ☒

Things that go bump in the night

Here's a Halloween sampler of some of the region's spookiest places

By Roma Senn

The locals in Tors Cove, Nfld., used to call the presbytery on the hill "the palace." When Father Cody had it built 97 years ago, he chose the best of everything. The house, the biggest in the community, has hand-carved woodwork, ornate outside mouldings, a 360-degree angle staircase — and a spooky past.

Newfoundland artist Frank Lapointe didn't know that when he moved into the now-empty house nearly a decade ago. Even if he had, he says, he wouldn't be taken in by haunted-house stories. "But things did happen."

Early on, when the priest had the home, he went away one weekend. His housekeeper invited a friend to stay over during a frightful storm. Her friend awoke at 3:45 a.m. Later that morning, she said her son at sea had spoken to her

in a bad dream during the night. A few days later, she received a message: Her son had drowned at 3:45 a.m. the night she had the dream.

At the presbytery a "mudroom" separates the kitchen from the back door — the quickest route to the church. Soon after Lapointe moved in, he noticed that the mudroom door he always closed kept reopening. (Lapointe lived alone in the house.) He blamed it on the wind. But one night, working in the kitchen, he heard a squeaking behind him. The door opened as if a person had entered, then remained ajar. Eventually Lapointe nailed the door shut and had no problems for three months. Then, he went away for a few days. When he returned, he found the nail on the floor and the door wide open.

Later, Lapointe learned that many people in the community wouldn't visit him in the house, even during the day. Before Lapointe moved in, a local carpenter was laying a new floor. The carpenter claimed Father Cody spoke to him, and that he glimpsed someone going downstairs. The carpenter left the house without

even packing his tools and never returned. When Lapointe moved out — he wanted to buy a house but the palace wasn't for sale — he called a plumber to shut off the water. The plumber wouldn't come.

In the late 1800s, lightning struck a three-masted supply schooner heading for Charlottetown during a fearful storm. Islanders near Point Prim, on the south shore, where the schooner caught fire, watched helplessly as the ship and its screaming crew went down. No one survived. But the ship isn't forgotten: Sometimes it returns on calm, foggy nights — just before a storm.

Carleton Hume, a retired storekeeper in Little Sands, P.E.I., has seen it twice. More than 15 years ago, he says, he closed up shop at about 10 p.m. and, with his binoculars, spotted the ghost ship near Pictou Island (in the Northumberland Strait between P.E.I. and Nova Scotia). "It went to the west end then came over to the shore," Hume says. "I saw the triangular shape of the sails."



People in Tors Cove avoid "the palace," even in daylight

PHOTOS BY ALBERT LEE



Robert Wilby believes this pulley came from the ill-fated schooner



Reputation of Devil's Island didn't scare temporary tenant Bob Knight

They were on fire." About 12 years ago, a neighbor rushed over to say he could see the ghost ship. This time it was heading for Nova Scotia. Hume and his friend observed it for a half-hour before it disappeared.

About 15 years ago, passengers on the Wood Islands/Caribou ferry spotted what looked like a burning ship. Apparently, the captain turned the ferry around in hopes of helping the distressed ship but it disappeared.


Robert Wilby, a potter who lives in Flat River, near Point Prim, has never seen the schooner, but he believes he has a part of it: A three-sheaved pulley, which he claims a fisherman salvaged just after the ship sank.

Six years ago, a taxi driver from Whitehorse, Yukon, moved to Nova Scotia to live rent-free on Devil's Island, in the Halifax harbor. He was responding to a national news story about Dartmouth, N.S., businessman Bill Mont's quest to find a tenant for his spooky, 25-acre island. The taxi driver stayed on the island one week, then disappeared. Mont never heard from or about him again.

But Benjamin Henneberry of Eastern Passage, N.S., has mostly fond memories of the reef-rimmed, wind-swept island that he left 31 years ago. "It was beautiful," he says. "I hated to leave." When he was growing up, 18 to 20 families lived on the island and fished for a living. Today, only occasionally does anyone live there. Henneberry, a grandson of the great storyteller that folklorist Helen Creighton has written about, left when there was no longer a teacher there for his children. Mont bought the island 20 years ago.

Henneberry remembers how everyone on the island, especially the old folk, told scary stories about the place. He had one terrifying experience: In 1939, with five or six relatives, he saw a forerunner — his 17-year-old brother Earl walking towards the house. Earl, in fact, was rowing to the mainland. Henneberry quickly jumped in a boat and headed for him, but Earl drowned before Henneberry reached him.

Settled in the early 18th century, Devil's Island may have got its reputation partly from the way the sun shines: When it rises and sets, it hits the windows of the lighthouse so that it appears to be on fire. And many people have drowned near the island.

Devil's Island is only half a mile from Eastern Passage, Mont says, "but it might as well be in the middle of the Atlantic. You can get stranded." Jack Conrod of Eastern Passage, a longtime caretaker of Devil's Island, calls it "the spookiest place I know." 

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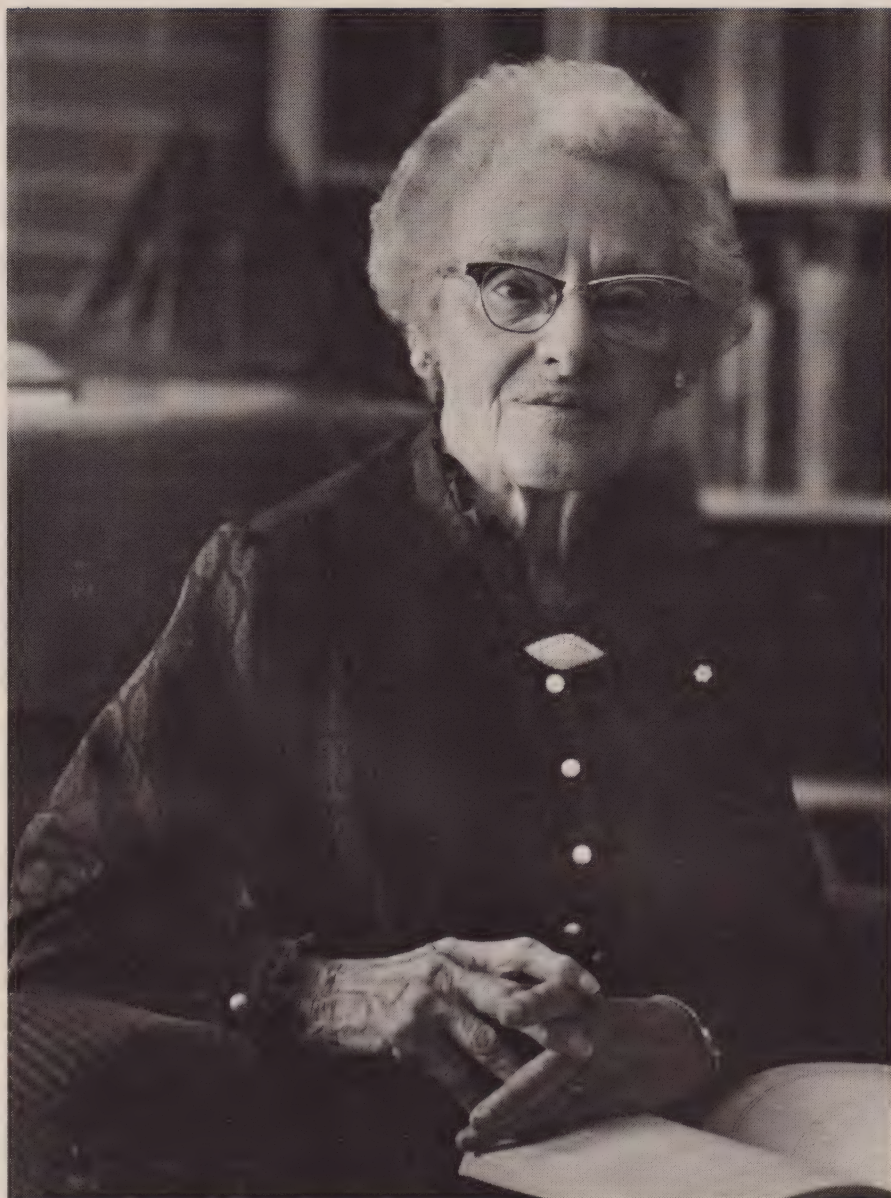
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Creighton: "I've always done unusual things"

The spooky world of Helen Creighton

At 84, the Maritimes' first lady of folksongs and stories is still going strong — preparing to publish her 15th book and working on two others

By Roma Senn

When Helen Creighton published her best-selling book *Bluenose Ghosts*, people would complain that they couldn't sleep after reading it. "That's fine," Creighton would reply. "I couldn't sleep after writing it." Canada's premier folklorist, a woman who believes she was born with psychic ability, takes her eerie tales seriously. And even today, 26

years after the publication of *Bluenose Ghosts*, many people probably know her best as a ghost-story collector. But she is much more.

Creighton has recorded stories on poltergeists and haunted houses; learned how to kill a witch and dig pirate treasure; collected songs in English, French, Gaelic, Micmac and German about love, the sea and log drives. In her travels throughout

the Maritimes, she's discovered people singing "lost" songs ranging from 13th-century ballads to "The Nova Scotia Song" (Farewell to Nova Scotia), which she discovered in the Thirties and has since become the province's unofficial anthem. Her acquaintances have ranged from illiterate singers to intellectuals such as George Bernard Shaw. And, most important, she has ensured that part of the Maritimes' social history will live on after the storytellers and singers are gone. "All of Canada has benefited from her many years of devotion to work in folklore," says Newfoundland folklorist Herbert Halpert.

In the days before the super-highway, she logged as many as 4,000 miles a year on Nova Scotia's back roads, gathering folksongs and ghost stories from Devil's Island to Marion Bridge and Cape Sable. She's had 14 books published and, at 84, is still going strong: She's working on two more books and has completed a soon-to-be-published collection of Acadian folksongs called *La Fleur du Rosier*. "It's the variety that's kept me going," she says.

In her pleasant apartment overlooking Lake Banook in Dartmouth, N.S., mementoes of her career cover the walls. She was

made a member of the Order of Canada, granted honorary degrees from six universities, made a fellow of the American Folklore Society (a prized honor) and elected president of the Canadian Authors' Association. Creighton, a petite, smartly dressed and sunny woman, views the recognition matter-of-factly. "I've always been in

the public eye," she says. "It seems I've always done unusual things."

Helen Creighton was born with a caul, a thin tissue that covers the heads of some newborn babies and which, according to folklore, gives them a sixth sense. "And this is true in a slight degree in my case," she says. Once, she recalls, she experienced a forerunner (a supernatural warning of an impending event) while staying at an inn in Sackville, N.B. Three times, she saw a vision of herself as a child of 10 with a "sweet and welcoming expression" on her face — a vision she regarded as a death omen. The next day, she crashed her car to avoid hitting a deer, which then disappeared without a trace.

On another occasion, she recounts in *Bluenose Ghosts*, she received help from one of her favorite singers, Ben Henneberry of Devil's Island, who had died five years earlier. In 1956, she was in Toronto narrating a radio broadcast of folk songs, starting with a description of Henneberry, who'd provided some of them. About halfway through her performance, Creighton, who's always endured frail health and chronic fatigue, began to feel shaky. Then

she recognized the dead singer's presence. "I neither saw nor heard him," she says, but I received a message and knew it was from him." The message: "You're doing very well. Just keep it up."

Creighton's interest in folklore and the supernatural didn't spring from her home. The youngest of six children, she grew up in a well-to-do Dartmouth family that never told ghost stories or sang folksongs. "I didn't know what a folksong was," she says. But when she began developing her career, her parents supported her efforts — even though she didn't make much money at it (she won three Rockefeller Foundation fellowships and six Canada Council grants over the years to carry on her work). "They seemed to feel that some day it would pay off," she says.

Creighton, who never married, believes that she was destined to do what she does. "It didn't seem that all these things could have happened by chance," she says. In the Twenties, she worked as a journalist in Ottawa, freelancing for such magazines as *Saturday Night* and the now-defunct *Star Weekly*. At one point, she happened to read a couple of

stories from home — one about "a mysterious woman exiled in Dartmouth," the other about two little girls lost in the woods near Dartmouth while picking flowers. "I felt there must be an endless source of equally fascinating stories in familiar places," she writes in *Life in Folklore*, her autobiography,

"but when I got home I found that things that seemed romantic from a distance now looked commonplace and dull."

She found her inspiration when she met Henry Munro, then Nova Scotia's superintendent of education, who showed her a book of Nova Scotia sea songs and ballads compiled by W. Roy MacKenzie. Munro suggested that Creighton might do for the rest of Nova Scotia what MacKenzie did for the north shore. Later, strolling on the beach near Dartmouth during a family picnic, she met one of the local villagers, a talkative man who told her a story about a local farm family who'd discovered buried treasure.

That was the start of Creighton's career. She wanted to collect more stories and songs — and nobody seemed to mind sharing them. "All the treasures were there for the taking," she says. "They certainly didn't realize how great a treasure it was." In those days, before radio and television, one of the main diversions was storytelling, especially in small communities. Although the women

"In those days, before radio and television, one of the main diversions was storytelling, especially in small communities"

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HERITAGE

were preoccupied by domestic chores, the men regularly traded stories at the general store. Creighton simply had to write them down. "There were stories everywhere," she says. And songs.

The problem was getting to the singers and raconteurs scattered throughout the province. Often, roads were poor, and there were no Holiday Inns along the routes she travelled. At various times, she slept in her car, in a one-room shanty, on a cliff, in a lighthouse with a blowing foghorn.

Sometimes she lugged around a wheelbarrow that carried her melodeon, a portable, two-foot-long pump organ on which she worked out tunes to her songs. On her first visit to a home, she always brought along someone from the community, and explained carefully to the singer or storyteller exactly what she wanted. "I had an attitude they always respected," she says. She successfully challenged the theory that you have to give a man a drink if you want him to sing. Once, however, she made the mistake of offering a favorite singer one of her father's cigars. He insisted on smoking it all before he sang.

In some remote areas, when she couldn't get to homes by car, residents would walk to meet her — sometimes several miles. "They enjoyed the evenings so much," she says. She soon learned how to flatter the shy singers. "I hear you are the best singer of old-time songs around here," she might say. "Are you the famous Mr. Turtle who sings old songs?" she asked the late Jack Turtle of Kennetcook when she visited his home with a *Maclean's* reporter in 1952. He knew Creighton as "the lady with the magic box" (tape recorder). She told him she'd met a man who could sing 61 songs. "I can sing 161," he snorted.

Creighton acquired her first efficient tape recorder in 1949, and it made her job considerably easier; for years, she'd relied on cumbersome, primitive recording devices. Recording was a brand new idea for some people she met. "That fellow's singing my song," singer Nathan Hatt of Chester, N.S., told her once. "That's you singing," she explained. "Well, well, well," he said, grinning. "I'm right pleased and proud, if that's really my voice. I sound pretty fair for an old crock."

When Creighton started collecting spooky stories, she says, she considered them "pretty far fetched." (Once, for example, a farmer told her the secret of finding out who's bewitched your cow and dried up her milk: Put some milk in the oven to attract the witch.) But, once she got the ghost stories rolling, she discovered that they fascinated almost everyone. She's lost track of how many copies *Bluenose Ghosts* has sold since its publication in 1957. Sometimes, strangers even stopped her in the supermarket to tell her "their" ghost story. She dutifully wrote them all down. Eventually, the stories, broadcast on CBC radio, received national attention.

Some of the tales spooked her, especially when she was "coming home in the

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fog after an evening of stories." One, told to her in 1947 by A.B. Thorne of Karsdale, N.S., stands out in her mind. Thorne told of an eerie experience he'd had at age 20: As he and a friend, Joe Holmes, chatted by the side of the road in Karsdale one moonlight night, they saw a figure that "looked like a skeleton," wearing black pants and a white shirt and scurrying under a cherry tree. The figure chased them to Holmes's house, then climbed on a pole (it was too rotten and crumbling to support human weight, the young men discovered the next morning). Holmes, who developed tuberculosis a year later, claimed that the incident was his forerunner: Before he died, he looked like the figure the two had seen. After Creighton heard the story from Thorne, a passenger in her car pointed out to her where the two young men had seen the mysterious figure. Creighton gunned the accelerator.

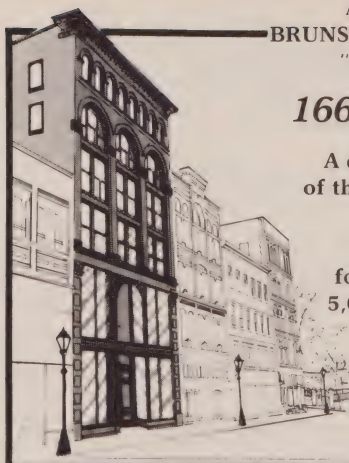
Creighton's reputation spread abroad — in 1959, she addressed the International Folk Music Council in Romania — but recognition came more slowly at home. Folklore wasn't considered an academic discipline. "People didn't understand what I was doing," she says. "I was ahead of my time."

But in 1974, the Canadian Music Council, meeting in Halifax, arranged an evening of song and presented her with a bronze medal. The following night, the provincial government honored her at a banquet and the City of Dartmouth presented her with a gift. "It was truly overwhelming," she later told a magazine reporter, "to have first the national recognition, then the province's recognition and finally the home-town recognition all at the same time."

And her schoolgirl dreams had come true. "If only I could write one book, how happy I'd be," she often thought as a teenager. Today, she self-deprecatingly describes herself as a big fish in a small pond — but then she pulls out a book that proves she's nothing of the sort. Last year, the University of Maine in Orono presented her with a bound book filled with praise from colleagues throughout North America. One, at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., called her "a lasting model for our profession." "All I have to do when I'm down," she says, "is bring out this book."

Not that she has much time to be down. She's busy working on a book of songs and tales from Nova Scotia's black community and on another on folk stories from the Miramichi region of New Brunswick. She's also sorting her records — she's willed all her work to the Public Archives of Nova Scotia — and answering requests for information from students.

In short, she's still carrying on the work she started 55 years ago, although at a slightly slower pace. It has been a half-century with a wealth of intriguing experiences; Helen Creighton has always wanted to try everything possible. "You get from life what you put into it," she says. "You get what you are looking for."



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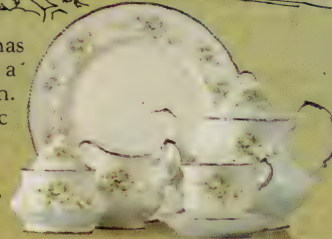
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Caution: Working may be bad for you

In hard economic times, workers often have less protection than usual from unsafe or unhealthy jobs

By Sue Calhoun

Terry Palmer, a former miner, never intended to become a *cause célèbre* in the New Brunswick labor movement. He didn't expect his name to be raised at the N.B. Federation of Labor convention in Saint John as an example of what was wrong with the province's occupational health and safety legislation. When he refused to work underground at the Denison Mines site near Sussex last fall because of what he considered unsafe conditions, he was only doing what he thought he had a right to do under the law.

Palmer is now unemployed, living in Hampstead and supporting his wife and four children on welfare. The Occupational Health and Safety Commission had supported Palmer's claim, and instructed the company, Canadian Mine Enterprises (hired by Denison Mines to develop the Cloverhill mine site) to reinstate him. When the company refused, the commission recommended to the Department of Justice that charges be laid. But the department, which has exclusive responsibility for authorizing prosecutions on behalf of the Crown, said no. The case wasn't strong enough to win in court. In the end, it proved that the powers of the commission were limited: The legislation ultimately didn't protect workers who refused unsafe work.

The New Brunswick government got on the bandwagon during the 1970s, along with a lot of other provinces, to pass new job health and safety legislation. Unions were pressing for more controls on workplace hazards, and workers' compensation payments in New Brunswick were close to \$30 million a year. Government decided it was time to put more into prevention, and less into mopping up.

New legislation established a tripartite commission, which came into effect September, 1980, and brought most occupational health and safety acts under its umbrella. At the time, it was con-

sidered to be one of the most progressive occupational health and safety bills in the country. But slowly the warts have come out. The legislation wasn't as strong as it seemed, and it's been through several revisions. The right to refuse unsafe work was added in January, 1982. And a major overhaul in August gave workers the right to know what toxic substances they're working with, and provided for appeal procedures that should give workers more power in the event of another Terry Palmer-type case (though it doesn't help him, since it isn't retroactive).

All the furore over occupational health and safety during the Seventies has left the impression in many minds that things are improving in Canadian workplaces. While small steps are still being taken — for example, the N.B. legislation changes this summer — many

productivity way down, that is, with the actual amount of machinery in production down, there's no incentive to try and make your operation more efficient," she says. And efficiency, she adds, goes hand-in-hand with a cleaner workplace. "The more stuff you're losing to the air, the more it's costing you. But you can't put money into worrying about that when you're only operating at 50% capacity as it is. So my guess is that workplaces that were bad before are worse now."

Take the Halifax shipyard. At its peak, under the present employer, Halifax Industries Ltd., the yard has employed 700. Today, it's down to a skeleton production crew of 50. "They've laid off the preventive maintenance crew," says Rick Clarke, business agent for Local 1, Marine Workers Federation. "But there's preventive maintenance programs that should be ongoing, cranes that should be receiving full lubrication, heavy equipment like shears and rolls

that should be fully maintained. Then when a project comes up, the thing will be in top working order. But they laid off almost the full maintenance crew."

With so many layoffs, there are fewer people around to notice problems. The yard has a joint health and safety committee, but it isn't holding meetings anymore. "Everybody's on layoff," Clarke says. That means that the union has to de-

pend on individuals to spot problems, a process that takes longer than usual. This spring, workers doing interior renovations on the MV *Jutlantica* felt that there was too much dust being raised when they cut through wall panels. They started to wonder what it was they were working with, and one of them finally refused to continue until he found out. It was asbestos. By the time they discovered that, workers had been exposed to it for weeks.

The problem came to light because the Marine Workers Federation has negotiated the right to refuse unsafe work in its collective agreement. It's a right that many Nova Scotian workers don't have. In fact, most experts, in the



Clarke worries about lack of preventive maintenance at Halifax shipyard

labor people in Atlantic Canada say gains on the occupational health and safety front have pretty well stopped because of the recession. Employers won't talk changes if it means spending money, and employees are more timid about complaining because even an unsafe or unhealthy job is better than no job at all.

Some people suspect that things are even getting worse. Health and safety researcher Mary Morison, who works for the New Democratic Party in Halifax and writes a health and safety column for the N.S. Federation of Labor's newspaper, says employers don't have money during hard times to spend on cleaning up their workplaces. "With

SPECIAL REPORT

province and across the country, consider Nova Scotia to be in the dark ages when it comes to occupational health and safety. It has the worst legislation in Canada, lacking the three rights considered fundamental to good occupational health and safety — the right to know what you're working with, the right to participate in joint workplace committees, and the right to refuse unsafe work.

Dr. Ken Hedges, a former director of the occupational health division of the provincial Department of Health, complained in his 1980 annual report that the government put little priority on occupational health and safety. His budget was one-twentieth of 1% of the health budget, a miniscule \$200,000 per year. On that, he said, his division could do little more than chase fires.

The situation was so bad that in 1980, there was a case of acute lead poisoning at the Surret battery plant in Springhill. Victor Rabinovitch, then secretary of the Canadian Labor Congress' health and safety committee, was shocked. According to him, acute lead poisoning was something that shouldn't happen in Canada in the 1980s. Most experts believed it belonged to the 19th century. At Springhill, there was also a former employee on long-term partial disability for dropped wrist, a classic symptom of chronic lead poisoning. Many employees were off work regularly, and collecting workers' compensation for elevated levels of lead in their blood. Hedges noted in his annual report, though without naming the company, that exposure to inorganic lead remained "a cause of very real concern."

Hedges left the department shortly after writing this report, and was eventually replaced by occupational hygienist Ted Mejzner, who has been with the division since 1971. Mejzner doesn't see the lack of strong legislation as a problem. In fact, he believes that much has been accomplished because his division takes a conciliatory approach to companies, rather than playing the enforcer. "We believe in getting people informed so that they can eliminate the hazard," he says. "Much can be accomplished if you sit down and talk."

Fifty percent of inspections in Nova Scotia are done at the request of companies. Mejzner believes there's no comparison between workplaces of the Seventies and those of the Eighties. "I go to the same places where we've had noise problems. The noise is still there, but people at least are wearing their ear muffs. In a number of cases, noisy machinery has been quieted. Dust exposures have been reduced tremendously in areas where this had to be done."

But union people aren't so sure. They criticize the division for being soft on companies (there's never been a prosecution in Nova Scotia), and for taking a

fix-the-worker approach — putting ear muffs or a respirator on a worker — rather than demanding that the company clean up. The N.S. Federation of Labor's occupational health and safety committee has made the same demands for improved legislation over and over again, and Rick Clarke says he's seen no changes for the better in the five years that he's been chairman. The February, 1982, throne speech said the government intended to establish a task force on health and safety, but by late summer, it had not named the members. Most union people believe that the Nova Scotia government has little interest in health and safety.

The effect is a general demoralization. Unions and individuals who struggled throughout the 1970s to make gains in the area are getting tired of banging their heads against the wall. "People have to feel a sense of victory if they're going to keep fighting," Morison says. "In Nova Scotia, there aren't any small victories."

Labor lawyer Raymond Larkin agrees that the job health and safety movement in the province is at a low ebb. If government was interested in occupational health, he says, it had an opportunity to do something about it in December, 1981, after he won a case before the Workers' Compensation Board for widow's benefits for a woman whose husband died of lung cancer. The deceased worker had worked for many years at a foundry operated by Maritime Steel & Foundries in New Glasgow. It was the first time in Nova Scotia that the WCB awarded benefits in a case of lung cancer involving a foundry worker. Larkin wrote to the Department of Labor suggesting that, since the WCB had now acknowledged a correlation between foundry work and lung cancer, the department might want to investigate conditions at the Maritime Steel foundry to see whether adequate preventive measures were in place.

That letter was passed along to the Health Department. Larkin has since defended, and won, a couple of similar cases, but he's still waiting for the government to act. The Health Department's Mejzner says he's been into the foundry several times, but can't order improved ventilation until he figures out what the cancer-causing agent is. His department planned to study all the foundries in the province this summer. But Larkin isn't impressed. "Anytime you talk to politicians about it, they say, well, it has to be studied, has to be looked into. That's just shorthand for saying, we don't intend to do anything. We're not going to, quote, burden the manufacturing sector with this kind of responsibility."

In Nova Scotia, workers have whatever job health and safety rights they've managed to negotiate into a collective

agreement. Non-unionized workers are the most vulnerable because the law gives them little protection. Workers in Prince Edward Island are in much the same situation — the legislation is fragmented, and there's no right to know, participate or refuse unsafe work.

This spring, the P.E.I. government established an Occupational Health and Safety Council to develop comprehensive occupational health and safety legislation. The council was set up after a ministerial advisory committee in October, 1981, focused attention on the number of job-related accidents in the province. The council is a step in the right direction, but executive officer Phyllis MacDonald says the proposed act isn't expected to be ready until the 1985 sitting of the legislature.

The argument is often made that it's difficult to win good occupational health and safety legislation in provinces where jobs are scarce. But this theory doesn't hold water in the Atlantic provinces. Until the recent New Brunswick amendments, Newfoundland, which has the highest unemployment in the region, also had the best occupational health and safety legislation. But even in Newfoundland, labor people say it's harder these days to get government and companies to talk, if it's going to mean spending money.

In September, 1979, the Newfoundland Department of Labor and Manpower commissioned a study of potential health effects of dust at the Scully Mines operation in Wabush, and the Iron Ore Company of Canada (IOCC) mining and processing operation three miles to the west at Labrador City. The \$2.4-million study was carried out by the Labrador Institute of Northern Studies, and funded jointly by the two companies, the province and the Workers' Compensation Board.

The study turned up 14 cases of pneumoconiosis at Scully, and another 43 cases at IOCC. It expressed concern that so many cases would show up when Scully has been in operation for only 15 years, and IOCC for 18, and recommended ways of dealing with dust conditions. The report was released last November, but Cal Luedee, president of local 6285, United Steelworkers of America, says little has been acted upon. "We've asked the government to sit down and discuss it [the report]. Each time, the minister says yes, but the meeting still hasn't happened." Labor Minister Jerome Dinn doesn't agree. He insists that many of the recommendations have already been implemented, and believes that Luedee is just a negative person. "I don't see how we could have moved any faster on this than we've done," he says.

Luedee says accidents at Scully Mines are also increasing. With 68 people on indefinite layoff, he says, the company

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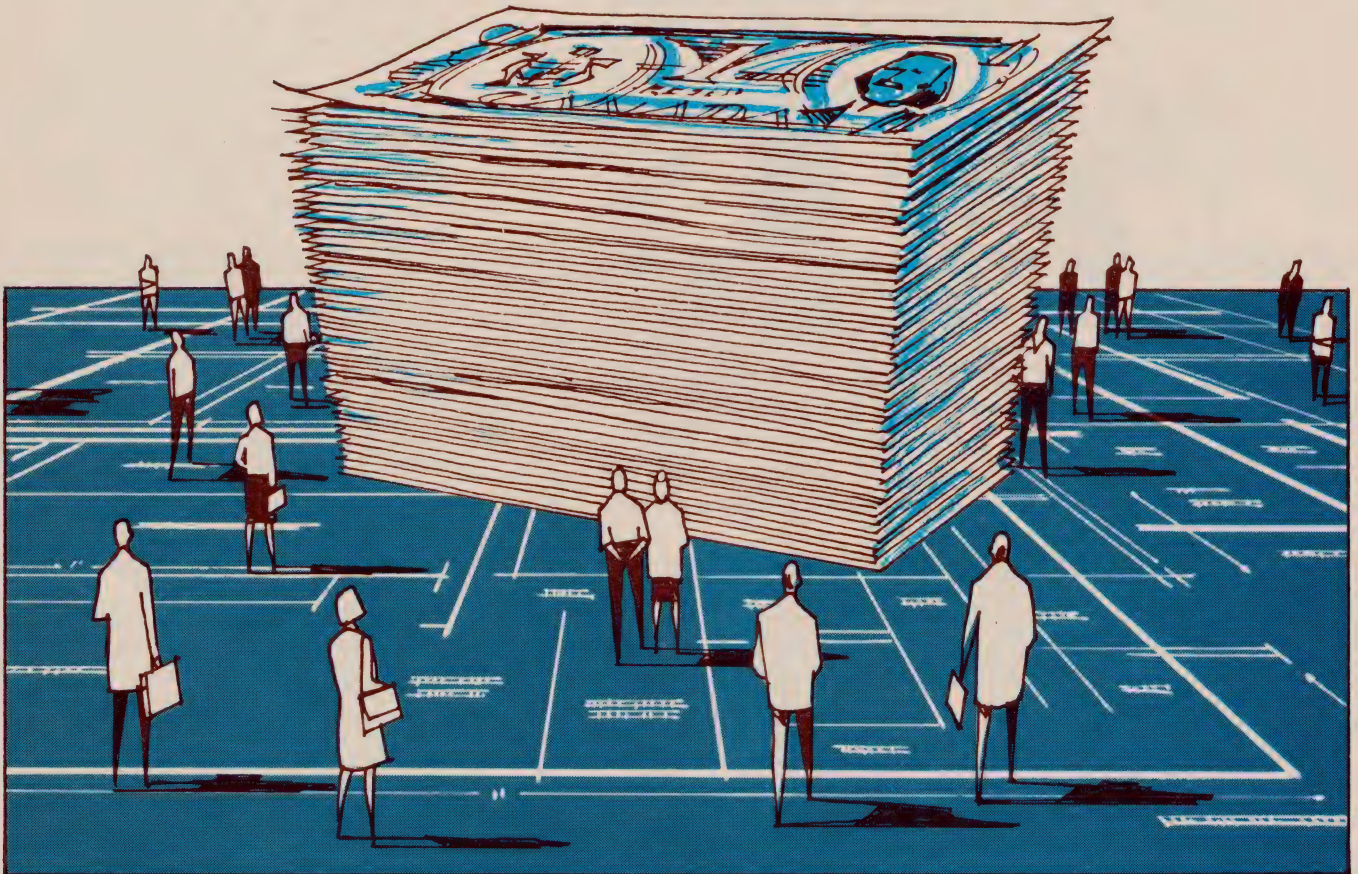
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is starting to combine jobs: Ten people are doing the work formerly done by 14. People are working faster, and under more pressure. "When you have a reduction in the workforce," he says, "people are being bumped back into jobs they held 10 years ago, but they're not being given proper training. We've had a significant increase in lost-time accidents."

Still, Luedee is one of the more optimistic labor people in the region. He believes the right-to-refuse-unsafe-work clause is being used effectively, and that joint health and safety committees are

working well. Newfoundland workers can at least elect their own reps to health and safety committees. Until recently, New Brunswick employers have set up the committees. That has made some trade unionists, especially the more militant ones, cynical about the usefulness of such committees.

Frank Clancy, treasurer of local 678, Canadian Paperworkers Union at Acadia Forest Products in Chatham, has been unimpressed with the joint committee in his workplace. Union executive members could not sit on the committee. It was controlled by the safety super-

visor, "the man hired by the company to know all about health and safety, so who was some poor production worker to challenge this college grad?" The committee tried to make recommendations, but in the end could only accomplish cosmetic changes such as putting up safety posters.

"We got to the point where we almost had a fatal because one of the supervisors started up a piece of equipment," Clancy says. "That was the straw that broke the camel's back, and the president pulled all the union members off the committee. He decided it was an insult to the workers, in the sense that the company was just ignoring their recommendations."

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Some people believe that health and safety committees are more effective when they've been negotiated into union contracts. The Brunswick Mining and Smelting plant at Belledune has had a safety committee since 1971. Company vice-president Alan Young admits that the company fought the union on it, but eventually came to realize it was a good idea. Accidents have declined from 50 per year in 1971 to between five and six per year for the past eight years. "That's remarkable in our industry," Young says.

The rationale for joint health and safety committees in the workplace is that, given proper training, workers will eventually become experts at spotting problems. Governments will never have enough inspectors to do routine testing, and most admit they don't even try. John MacLaughlin, chairman of the N.B. Federation of Labor's health and safety committee, believes it's not a priority with government. There are only a dozen inspectors in New Brunswick. "But if you go up on the Miramichi when the salmon is running, you'll see 300 or 400 men on the river just watching the salmon. Conservation has priority over health and safety."

In Nova Scotia, Rick Clarke says that, even without good legislation, the government could do more if it made money available for inspection. "If they started in the southern tip of Nova Scotia, they'd probably die of old age before they got finished inspecting, with the number of inspectors they've got here," he says.

If there's less action on the occupational health and safety front now, it's probably safe to say that there's more talk. There are more conferences, sponsored by both labor and government. Many centres are now hooked into the computer terminals of the Canadian Centre for Occupational Health and Safety, based in Hamilton, Ont. This gives them access to world-class information on occupational health and safety. Ironically, Nova Scotia was the first government in the country to get the service in 1981, though the centre is now

wondering why it bothered. Jim Gill, United Auto Workers rep on the centre's information policy committee, says it's the "greatest puzzle in the world" why Nova Scotia was interested, since it hasn't honored its commitment to make the information accessible. "It's a very valuable information bank," Gill says, "but nobody uses it." The centre was having second thoughts this summer about allowing the province to renew its contract.

Another irony lies in the establishment of the Atlantic Foundation for Occupational and Environmental Health, a non-profit group aimed at protecting the health of workers. The Nova Scotia government committed \$250,000 a year for three years to get the foundation off the ground, at a time when it was putting only \$200,000 a year into its own occupational health division. The Sydney-based organization operates on a fee-for-service basis to industry, monitoring workplaces and workers. Chairman Dr. Albert Prossin says the foundation plays a neutral, educational role, not an enforcement role. It can go into workplaces only on the request of companies.

Lawyer Raymond Larkin says it's hard to see what concrete difference the Atlantic Foundation has made to Nova Scotian workplaces. "A worker who goes to the foundation and finds out that in his workplace there are

hazardous chemicals, what can he do? He can get his union better organized to defend his interests, self-help really, but he can't turn to the government. It won't do him any good." Prossin says occupational health and safety has become an uphill battle. "There are some people who feel this is frosting on the cake."

Cutbacks, layoffs, long lines of unemployed have left unions ill-equipped to deal with occupational health and safety issues. Mary Morison thinks stress will be a big one. It's already a serious problem in nursing, she says. "The way you reduce stress is to make sure you have enough nurses so that people aren't working so hard. But now we're faced with government restraint which means, in fact, there are fewer nurses doing more work. How you organize around that, I don't know."

A few years ago, British Columbia prison guards negotiated time off for stress in their collective agreement, but you couldn't do that today, Morison says. "It would fall under the six and five. You'd have to take a corresponding cut in pay." Cal Luedee says that stress is already a major cause of accidents at Wabush Mines. "People are coming to work not knowing when or if they'll be laid off. Their minds are preoccupied."

Brunswick Mining and Smelting's Alan Young has been a management appointee to the N.B. Occupational

Health and Safety Commission since its inception. He believes that progress is being made, but that unions are too impatient. Young feels that the recession has had a negative effect on compensation — companies that are still operating are paying higher premiums to make up for those that aren't — but on the prevention side, the effect has been positive. The new legislation came in quickly, he says, because there wasn't anything else on the agenda. "Because of the recession, government isn't tackling any new legislation." In Nova Scotia, Sirje Weldon, legislative affairs officer for the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, feels that most companies in the province have a strong commitment to occupational health and safety. "They won't let it slip [because of the recession]," she says.

But it often takes a real tragedy to point out the flaws in the system. Terry Palmer inadvertently became the extreme case that contributed to improvements in New Brunswick's legislation this summer. What it will take in Nova Scotia to get the government moving is anyone's guess. In the meantime, most labor people say they don't intend to give up. Says steelworker Cal Luedee: "To me, if it's unsafe to work in good times, it's unsafe to work in bad. If changes need to be made for a safer workplace, you have to do them. We will not make concessions, for sure not in occupational health and safety." ☒



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BILL RICHARDSON

The strange familiarity of Cornwall and Devon

How come the writer felt that, in another life perhaps, he'd already seen these sea-smashed cliffs and quaffed ale with these fine folks? Why, he isn't even a Newfoundlander

By Harry Bruce

A chap from the British Tourist Authority phones to ask if I'd like to join five other journalists in strenuous "Activities" among the fragrant hills of Devon and along the crashing shores of Cornwall. All expenses paid, of course. Does Gretzky play hockey? Can fish swim? Do Tories want power? "But first," he says, "how fit are you?" I tell him I'm in better shape than most other grandfathers who smoke a pack a day and confine their exercise to daily walks to taverns. "Fine," he says. "I'll be in touch."

He sends me *Special Interest Holidays 1983* so I'll know that "Activity seekers" in Britain engage in everything from hang-gliding to needlepoint, from parachuting to "upholstery weekends," from rugger to graphology, from sky-

diving to brass-rubbing. I quickly choose woodcarving, baking, gardening, and "goat-keeping for beginners," but then he phones again. "How tall are you and what's your weight?" he asks. "Five-eleven, 165 pounds," I reply. "Why?" He says, "Not to worry. The stable just wants to choose the right nag for you."

I've never been on a horse in my life, but one upcoming Activity is a pony romp on legendary Dartmoor, which swallows fools and sinners whole. I must also go trekking atop legendary coastal cliffs in Cornwall with a guide who bills himself as "Backpack Man," go sailing near legendary Falmouth and go bicycling at legendary St. Ives. But as I was going to St. Ives, it started to rain. Scratch the legendary bicycling Activity. Moreover, at the Teignworthy Country House Hotel, 1,000 feet above sea level

"O the harbour of Fowey is a beautiful spot"

on Dartmoor, we got the news (distressing to some) that the ground was too wet for neophyte horsepersons. Scratch the legendary pony Activity. The Bruce luck was running strong. "Oh, damn," I exclaimed. "I came all this way just to get in a little riding. What a rotten shame!"

We walked on the wet moor among toy ponies, sheep, and the spooky ruins of prehistoric huts, cattle sheds, grave mounds, cremation sites, cairns, mysterious pillars of rock, and rows and circles of stones that some believe are ancient monuments to the dead. Dartmoor National Park is 365 square miles of granite upland, the relic of a volcanic upheaval 400 million years ago. Valleys score Dartmoor. Clots of forest sprout here and there. Market towns and villages, prettier than jigsaw puzzles, punctuate the high moor, and rattling rivers and rivulets tumble under elderly bridges. The granite is pink, brown or grey-blue, but it's mostly covered by dense carpets of moss, heather, lichen and sphagnum-covered "quaking bogs." From certain spots, you can see the English Channel, and clouds tear across such a huge expanse of sky that Dartmoor's barren beauty is spectacular. But blinding rain or soaking mist may engulf you so fast you should carry a compass. In fog, one guidebook advises, just walk downhill till you hit a

stream, and follow it till you reach a road. Meanwhile, if the pixies harass you, put your coat on inside out to protect yourself from their supernatural japes.

The Teignworthy, a favorite haunt of Prince Charles, is a good place to reflect on Dartmoor's sinister mood. It's also a good place to eat. It was over quails braised with roasted coriander seed at the Teignworthy that I decided to substitute eating for riding and cycling as my major Activity in southwestern England; and, as things later turned out, I performed passably as a trekker and sailor but, as a trencherman, I wiped out my fellow Canadians. My consumption of clotted cream alone was a boost to the dairy industry of Devon and Cornwall. (Do not, incidentally, let anyone tell you it's impossible to find good dining in rural England.)

The Teignworthy is near Chagford. As an ominous placename, "Chagford" is only fair. It's not up to such other Devon attractions as Ugbrooke, Killerton, Drizzlecombe, Hexworthy or Castle Drogo. The Teignworthy, however, is at the very edge of the moor and, with its oak-panelled hall, library and log-burning fireplace, it's a superb spot for an Agatha Christie seminar or a mini-convention of Sherlock Holmes buffs. A Dartmoor legend inspired Arthur Conan Doyle to write *Hound of the Baskervilles*. Charles Kingsley, author of *Westward, Ho!*, was a son of Dartmoor. So was Elizabethan playwright John Ford. Robert Herrick, greatest of the Cavalier poets, was vicar of a Dartmoor village, and John Galsworthy dreamed up *The Forsyte Saga* in these parts.

Cornwall, too, has connections to literature. Daphne Du Maurier set her most popular novels there, and novelist D.M. Thomas (*The White Hotel*) is a Cornwall man. Parts of both the television series *Poldark* and the movie version of John Fowles' *The French Lieutenant's Woman* were filmed on this coast. Welsh poet Dylan Thomas married Caitlin Macnamara in Penzance and they spent their honeymoon in the fishing-smuggling community of Mousehole. He decided she looked like "the princess on top of a Christmas tree" and that Mousehole was "really the loveliest village in England." Colin Wilson (*The Outsider*) lives in Mevagissey which — like St. Mawes, Fowey, Polperro, Looe and the properly renowned St. Ives — rivals Mousehole for prettiness. Poets as varied as Thomas Hardy and John Betjeman have celebrated Cornwall's strange charm, and Arthur Quiller-Couch, one of modern England's greatest men of letters, was Cornish to the core of his being. His superb spoof of English spelling goes like this:

*O the harbour of Fowey
Is a beautiful spot,
And it's there I enjowey
to sail in a yot;
Or to race in a yacht
Round a mark or a buoy
Such a beautiful spacht*

Is the harbour of Fuoy.

Remembered books and film may be one reason why it was that my most enchanting Activity was passive. It was simply wallowing in recognition of a countryside I'd never before visited. I *knew* this great, green eiderdown of English countryside, echoing to the bawling of hundreds of plump sheep. I *knew* these soaring coastal headlands, these hedgerows, spires, moorings and flower-filled ravines, these young girls on their chestnut horses drifting down lanes below thatched roofs on a quiet Saturday morning. And the more I read about Cornwall the more utterly at home I felt there.

The coast is so intricate it was once a smuggler's paradise, and the people never regarded rum-runners as criminals. It was so treacherous vessels cracked up there for centuries, and the people knew

the looting of wrecks was their God-given right. It was so close to rich fisheries the people survived on the sale of saltfish to the massive Catholic market of continental Europe. The coast also overlooked bloody lanes of ocean warfare, and though the people suffered when the enemy plundered their coves, they revelled when their own formidable seafarers hauled booty home. The common folk ate molasses on bread, and turnips. They ate saltfish with potatoes and fried morsels of cured pig fat. Sound familiar?

When they were not going to sea, some were farmers. When they were not farming, some were miners. There was a Celtic strain among the people, and they had their poets. One wrote about "the dark-green rocks that lie beneath the Atlantic surges" and "awful craggy peaks,/ Rolling eternal diapasons wild."



Harry Bruce felt utterly at home on Cornwall's coast



Dylan Thomas called Mousehole "the loveliest village in England"

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TRAVEL

Another said, "Danger is compressed/
Into a few feet of ocean/ And the navi-
gator's skill/ Must be sharper than his
funny stories." Still another wrote:
*In a deck-house square
a skipper with caution
steers his fish-filled boat
through the snared ocean,
his feet throbbing
to an engine hard at work.*

And D.M. Thomas celebrated
undersea miners who:
*Treked this vertical, nerves tempered
granite;
at their heads, candles — defeat —
disaster — dowed,
to stride out under the sea as courageous,
poor in all but tall tales the ocean
housed,
as their methodist Christ walked out
upon it.*

The Duchy of Cornwall has its own
coat of arms, a shield flanked by a
miner and a fisherman, its own tartan,
its own tartan, a campaign to revive a lost
Celtic language, and a hunch that its old
incorporation by a big nation has not
been an unmixed blessing. What makes
it beguiling for any Atlantic Canadian is
the discovery there of so much that's
familiar among so much that's exotic.

Ships from Cornish ports went to the Newfoundland fishery in the 16th century

Cornwall is the jutting foot of southwest
England. Sometimes it's encased in a
stocking of dismal drizzle, and you know
that weather as well as you once knew
your mother's moods. But Cornwall also
boasts summers of such heat and un-
Canadian length that tourism promoters
call it "Britain's Riviera." If it's a land
of lobster traps, it's also a land of palm
trees. If it's a land of slickers, blizzards,
oyster dredges and lighthouses, it's also
a land of laughter, green woodpeckers,
surfboards, "flower farmers," eight-foot
rhubarb, and huge gardens of such tropi-
cal exuberance you expect to see Ricar-
do Montalban step from behind a scarlet
explosion of blossoms to welcome you
to Fantasy Island.

One such garden thrives on the Isles
of Scilly, which lie 28 miles southwest of
Land's End. (Stepping off the ferry from
the mainland, a tourist asked a local fish-
erman, "Is this where the silly buggers
come from?" The fisherman retorted,
"No, sir, this is where the silly buggers
come to.") Nowhere in Cornwall is the
sense of the familiar among the unfamil-
iar more bizarre. The islands — there are
roughly 100 but only five are inhabited
— are no further from London than the
Scottish border. But they are so sunny,
and the shallow waters are so shockingly



turquoise and the sand beaches so glaringly white that you feel on arrival that you've been dropped on some secret North Atlantic outpost of the West Indies. "Our islands," a Scillonian lady told me with a trace of justified smugness, "are the best-kept secret in the world."

At the Tresco Abbey Gardens, Tresco Island, visitors keep gasping, "I can't believe I'm in Britain." Surrounded by massive hedges and walls of Monterey pine to rebuff the ferocious Atlantic gales, the gardens are an orderly jungle of citrus and banana trees, Mexican yucas, Chilean puya, New Zealand ironwood, Burmese honeysuckle, Himalayan ginger, Australian scarlet bottlebrush, Madeira lily-of-the-valley trees, Indian fan palms, Chinese paper plants, California Cyprus, cinnamon, musk, mimosa, giant tulips, and dozens upon dozens of other strange reminders of hot parts of the world. Peter Clough, the slender, scruffy, bearded head gardener, has the serene conviction that "if you can't get lost in a garden, it's not doing its job." I got lost in his, and it shattered my old belief that big gardens are big bores.

It was from Cornwall and from Devon next door that, as early as the 1500s, tough fishermen followed the wake of John Cabot to the Newfoundland fishery, and indeed some suspect a few of them saw Newfoundland even before Cabot. What's indisputable is that by the 1520s, ships from Devonshire

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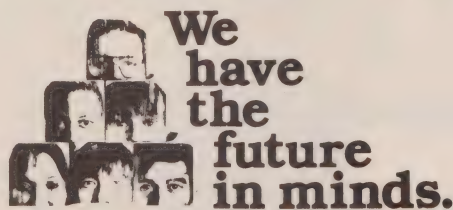
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TRAVEL

were unable to carry home from Newfoundland more than a portion of their massive catches. "As many as 200 West Country vessels were engaged in the Newfoundland trade [a century later]," A.K. Hamilton Jenkin wrote in *Cornwall and Its People*. "In 1626, the number dispatched from Devonshire alone was estimated at 150, whilst in Cornwall, the ports of Saltash, Love, Fowey, Mevagissey, Falmouth, St. Mawes, St. Keverne, Penzance, St. Ives and Padstow were all taking their share in the great adventure."

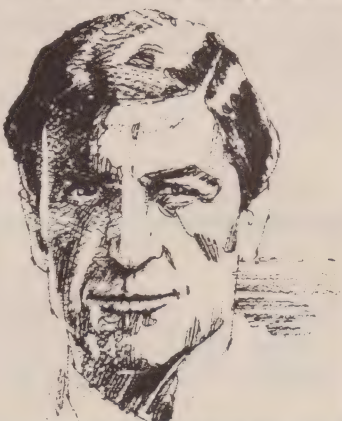
If the transient fishermen who dom-

inated the seasonal city of St. John's in Shakespeare's time came from the West Country, so did the first white settlers of modern Newfoundland, and as the *Dictionary of Newfoundland English* asserts, "The English speech planted here . . . was the town and rural speech of the western counties of England, and varieties of cultivated speech current in England in the seventeenth century." A recent book review in the *Cornish Times* said, "There are now eleven Austens in the local telephone book, which is an indication of how these old Cornish families do not leave the Homeland." Maybe

so, but there are 26 Austins in the telephone book for eastern and central Newfoundland; and it's my bet that, though an Austin is not precisely an Austen, at least some are descendants of old Cornish families who did leave the Homeland.

Moreover, any Newfoundlander who glances through the telephone book for Plymouth, Southwest Devon, Cornwall and the Isles of Scilly will find names that'll make him feel right at home: Ayre, Baird, Crosbie, Dawe, Doody, Goodridge, Guy, Harvey, Hibbs, Hickman, Jamieson, Marshall, Moores, Pinsent, Pratt, Prowse, Roberts, Rooney, Rowe and Steele, to name only a few. And, oh yes, Smallwood. Leafing through telephone books may not be first-rate historical research (though it is an easy Activity), but when I found those

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
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A thatched cottage in Cornwall

names in a seaside hotel room near the small, exquisite port of Falmouth, it seemed appropriate that when Guglielmo Marconi had flown his kite on Signal Hill, St. John's, on Dec. 12, 1901 — and thereby received the world's first trans-ocean radio message — his signal had come from a Cornish clifftop just along the coast from where I was sitting.

For both Newfoundlanders and Maritimers, ghosts of the familiar lurk not only in the awesome seascapes and forlorn squawk of ocean birds in Cornwall and Devon, but also in the easy wit of the people, their confident courtesy toward strangers, and dauntless regional pride. "The Cornish like to pretend they're not English," a man from the Midlands told me, and I imagined a Torontonian using the same faintly derisive tone to tell a Californian that Newfoundlanders like to pretend they're not Canadians. As for me, I don't care what the people of Cornwall and Devon like to pretend. They're like family. I'm going back to see them some day, even if I have to pay my own way. I might even try riding a horse. 

CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

Oct. — Jack Humphrey and Miller Brittain, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Oct. 1-Nov. 30 — 19th-century Art, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Oct. 3 — Landing of the Loyalists, St. Andrews

Oct. 3 — Saint John Arts Council presents "Les Grand Ballets Canadiens," Saint John

Oct. 3-9 — Canadian National Shuffleboard Championships, Saint John

Oct. 3-27 — Paintings by Arthur Warwick of Saint John, City Hall Exhibit Gallery, Saint John

Oct. 9 — Atlantic Autumn Marathon, Oromocto

Oct. 9-29 — An Art Exhibit by Francoise Hamel of Drummondville, Que., Little Gallery, University of New Brunswick, Saint John

Oct. 10 — Antlers Moose Contest, Pointe Verte

Oct. 12-Nov. 16 — "The Past in Focus: A Community Album Before 1918," Chaleur History Museum, Dalhousie

Oct. 16 — Pokiok Power Line Ramble: A walk along roads that cross the cedar-topped ridge between Millidge Avenue and the Saint John River. Meet at 2 p.m. at the corner of Millidge Avenue and Boar's Head Road

Oct. 17 — Moe Koffman and Dizzy Gillespie in Concert, Saint John

Oct. 17-Nov. 12 — C.I.L. Art Collection, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Oct. 20-23 — Speed Sport Car Show, Saint John

Oct. 28-30 — Mount Allison University presents "The Joseph Howe Symposium," Sackville

Oct. 28-Nov. 27 — Mon père a fait bâtir un maison, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Oct. 31-Nov. 5 — Maritime Winter Fair, Moncton

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Oct. 1-31 — Selections from the Permanent Collection, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Oct. 2 — Alice Faye's Run for Women: Three-mile road race, West Royalty

Oct. 4 — The Good Brothers, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Oct. 4-28 — Freda Guttman Bain: Art exhibit, Great George Street Gallery, Charlottetown

Oct. 5-30 — Three Canadian Fibre Artists, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Oct. 7 — Atlantic Ballet Company of Canada presents "Alice in Wonderland" and "Romeo and Juliet," Confederation Centre

Oct. 16 — The P.E.I. Symphony, Confederation Centre

Oct. 17 — José Molina Bailes Espanoles: Spanish dancers, Confederation Centre

Oct. 20-25 — Reveen: The impossible list, Confederation Centre

NOVA SCOTIA

Oct. — Atlantic Ballet Company performs "Romeo and Juliet" and "Alice in Wonderland": Oct. 3, Antigonish;

Oct. 4, Glace Bay; Oct. 5, Port Hawkesbury; Oct. 8, Pictou; Oct. 12, Truro; Oct. 13, Annapolis Royal; Oct. 14, Yarmouth

Oct. 1 — Solomon Gundy Supper, Blandford

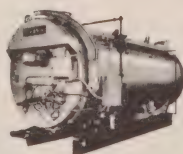
Oct. 1 — Oktoberfest: Road race, auto rally, doll-carriage parade, chowder luncheon, Mahone Bay

Oct. 1 — Annapolis Valley Fall Harvest Festival, Annapolis Valley

Oct. 1-30 — Canadian Paintings from the Sobey Art Foundation: Part 1 features Cornelius Krieghoff, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

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Leprechauns release winners names in limerick contest

You have no idea how embarrassing it's been.

Last March, to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, we announced a limerick writing contest. There would be five winners, each of whom would receive a 1-year subscription to our favorite magazine.

Entries poured in from all over the place. The four Atlantic provinces, naturally. But also from Ontario, Saskatchewan, the Northwest Territories, and from a limerick-ist in Georgia, USA. The limerick contest file grew thicker and thicker.

And then it disappeared.

For the past few months we've been getting calls and letters from readers wondering what was going on. One letter-writer even went so far as to suggest the contest was "nothing more than a sales gimmick."

Heaven forbid! But how could we come out and say that we had lost all the entries, that we were sorry but it was just too bad. We couldn't get away with that kind of attitude, we're not the government!

Then, one day last week, a little man lugging a big parcel arrived at our reception desk. With a nod and a smile, he dumped the package onto the receptionist's lap and, as she said, "vanished into thin air."

Gingerly opening the parcel, we were delighted to discover it contained the missing file of entries into the limerick contest.

Not only that, but the little people themselves had chosen the winners. Now who's going to quarrel with their decision. For one thing, you'd have to find them first.

So it only leaves us to announce the winners, print four of the entries and to thank everyone else who took the time and trouble to exercise their wits and enter the contest.

We would also like to thank the leprechauns for taking time out from whatever it is leprechauns usually do, and judging the contest.

How about a big hand for the little people!

The 5 winners

A charming young lady named Ruth
Had a boyfriend uncommonly couth
Before he would kiss
The delectable miss
He'd gargle with gin and vermouth

V.R. Pittman
Halifax County, N.S.

An assassin attempting to bludgeon
The head of a tough old curmudgeon
Changed his mind when his victim
Knocked his teeth out and kicked him
And then walked away in high dudgeon

Edward Baxter
Willowdale, Ont.

Here's a cheer for our mailmen who tramp
Through the snow and the dark and the damp
For the mail must go through
At least for the few

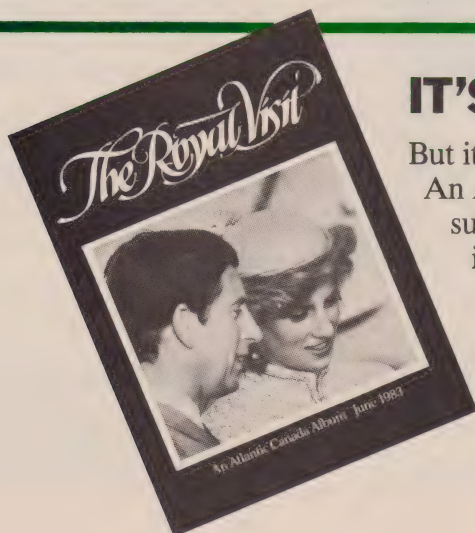
Who can scrape up the price of a stamp
Margaret Young
Sydney, N.S.

Our country's affairs are a muddle
The Cabinet goes into a huddle
The unemployed wait
To learn of their fate

The answer comes clear: "Fuddle duddle"
Pauline MacPhee
Truro, N.S.

CENSORED

Harry McCleave
Kings County, N.B.



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CALENDAR

Oct. 1-Nov. 6 — John Nesbitt: Sculpture, Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax
Oct. 8-10 — All-breed Championship Dog Shows and Obedience Trials, Halifax

Oct. 9 — Halifax Marathon, 9 a.m. at Dalhousie University

Oct. 11-13 — Rising Tide Theatre presents "Joey," about the life and times of Joseph Smallwood, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Oct. 13-15 — Antique Show and Sale, Halifax

Oct. 13-15 — Quilt Fair in aid of IWK Hospital, Dartmouth Sportsplex

Oct. 15 — New Germany and Area Arts and Crafts Show and Sale, New Germany

Oct. 17-23 — Atlantic Film and Video Festival, Halifax

Oct. 22 — Autumn Harvest Annual Craft Market, Barrington

Oct. 22-Nov. 5 — "The Past in Focus: A Community Album Before 1918," Truro Art Society, Truro

Oct. 26-29 — Sixth Annual Fall Antique Show and Sale, Halifax Shopping Centre, Halifax

Oct. 27-29 — The Winds of Change presents "South Pacific," Astor Theatre, Liverpool

Oct. 27-30 — Skate Canada '83: A showcase for Canadian and international figure skaters, Halifax

Oct. 29, 30 — Championship Dog Shows and Licensed Obedience Trials plus "Maritime Show Spectacular," Bible Hill

NEWFOUNDLAND

Oct. — RCMP 38-Piece Concert Band Performance: Oct. 1, Stephenville; Oct. 2, Flower's Cove; Oct. 3, St. Anthony; Oct. 4, Port Saunders

Oct. — Rising Tide Theatre presents "Count Dracula": Oct. 19, St. John's; Oct. 23, Port aux Basques; Oct. 24, Stephenville; Oct. 25, Corner Brook; Oct. 26, Springdale; Oct. 27, Grand Falls; Oct. 28, Gander; Oct. 29, Centreville

Oct. — Anagnoson and Kinton: Duo pianists: Oct. 19, Stephenville; Oct. 20, Corner Brook; Oct. 21, Grand Falls; Oct. 22, Gander; Oct. 24, St. John's

Oct. — Jim and Rosalie in Concert, Arts and Culture Centres: Oct. 3, St. John's; Oct. 4, Gander; Oct. 5, Grand Falls; Oct. 6, Corner Brook; Oct. 7, Stephenville

Oct. — Jim Galloway and the Metro Stompers, Arts and Culture Centres: Oct. 2, St. John's; Oct. 3, Corner Brook

Oct. 1, 2 — St. John's Cross-Country Meet, Bowring Park, St. John's

Oct. 1-5 — Maxwell Bates: An exhibit of landscapes and oils. Memorial

University Art Gallery, St. John's

Oct. 1-30 — "Cassandra Series": Paintings by Gerald Squires, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Oct. 3-Nov. 6 — "The Covenant Chain": An exhibit of more than 300 pieces of Indian ceremonial and trade silver jewelry, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

Oct. 4, 5 — Kaskatka Cossacks, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Oct. 6-22 — Dennis Thibodeau: A photographic exhibit, Burin Peninsula Arts Centre, Marystown Mall, Marystown

Oct. 7-30 — Janice Udell: Drawings, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Oct. 7-Nov. 13 — Stewart Montgomerie: Paintings, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Oct. 8 — Lake Melville Redberry Mukashan: Redberry picking, baking contests, music, handicrafts, Happy Valley/Goose Bay Arena

Oct. 10 — Moe Koffman in Concert, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Oct. 28 — Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra presents its first concert of the season featuring Brahms' First Symphony, with conductor Charles Zachary Bornstein, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

NOVA SCOTIA'S NEWEST ROCK IS STARTING TO ROLL.

**TUNE IN THIS MONTH FOR
A REVOLUTION IN ROCK**



Adventures of a Newfoundland writer in darkest Mainland



Nobody has actually seen Port aux Basques for the past 50 years or so. We must take it as an article of faith that it's there somewhere in deep fog. In August, while standing in line at the CN ferry, I bent down to get a pebble out of my shoe and found myself fumbling with someone else's ankle.

"Hoy! What's goin' on down there?" came a baritone from above. "You one of them drug-crazed hippies or what?"

I apologized to the unseen gent and his obscured ankle but was grateful that he kept muttering about the present generation and the blame resting squarely on the parents because it was only by sound alone that you could navigate through that profound murk and keep place in the queue.

On the ferry there was an ancient mariner, a retired doryman from the south coast, who was insatiable in his pursuit of someone to yarn with... or at. The old fellow's technique was to lean on the rail, wait for an approaching victim and stop him in his tracks by spurting tobacco juice on the deck a foot in front of the person's toes.

Then, without a how-de-do, he'd launch into it: "I minds the time we were crossin' here in 19 and 52 — no, I tell a lie — in 19 and 53 and she struck a whale. Stark calm, no fog. Well, sir, the captain..."

Most Canadians paused briefly, stared at him for a looney old geezer, then continued onward at a much brisker pace. But he finally gaffed something of a kindred soul in the person of a retired Jewish doctor from San Francisco.

The pair nattered away for nearly an hour, mostly on marine topics. The doryman told the doctor that what you must do when you see an extra big wave bearing down on your dory is to pick up a little fish about so long and pitch it over the head of her into the wave. This gesture, without fail, caused the wave to flatten out without damage to life or property.

Well, hell, now wasn't that a coincidence. Because last year while cruising the Mediterranean the doctor had noted the same custom among Greek fishermen, a small world the nautical one.

Trees make the big difference on the Mainland. There's said to be a slight family resemblance between bits of the Maritimes and bits of Newfoundland but, generally, it's chalk and cheese. In Newfoundland you have spruce and bog, bog and spruce with a sprinkling of birch

throughout.

But once across the Gulf you get oak, maple, aspen and pine growing in places out of soil that, as someone said about the American corn belt, "looks good enough to eat without first passing it through vegetables." At a leak-gas-ice-cream stop in the middle of New Brunswick, a fellow countryman spotting the licence plates walked over to me and said: "Ah, boy, this is some sweet country they got here, innit?"

Exactly so, brother, exactly so. They talk queer, too, don't they? A common request when one is abroad is to "say something in the Newfie accent." Well, which one do you want, there are probably dozens.

Lots in the Maritimes, too, I expect, but the casual transient can distinguish only a few. It's a bit squealy and lispy in Cape Breton, as when the singer, John Allen Cameron, pipes up from the stage, "Are you with me, people?" In northern Nova Scotia folks sound clipped, a bit nasal and a trifle dry while in the middle of New Brunswick it is more of a soft drawl, quite pleasant to listen to.

Newfoundlanders are foolish drivers and you can count on at least one brush with death every 20 miles. The one fault with Maritime motorists is that they sniff each other's tails like a conga line of dogs in heat. It's curious to see, on a highway that's dead straight for miles, 10 or 15 vehicles hurtling along with a hair's breadth between them.

It is astonishing to reflect, in parts of New Brunswick, that the piece of torturous country lane you're driving on is the main road linking one part of the nation of Canada to the other. God willed it that way, I suppose, rather than political patronage entering into it. On that point we're strictly virginal here in the Happy Province and so can't judge.

For the first half-hour or so the carnage along Maritime roads is a shock. Then you get used to it. The squashed and bloody corpses of raccoons, skunks and porcupines are unknown on Newfoundland island because there are no live ones to start with.

Or snakes, or rabbits, or deer, or cougars, or coyotes or half the variety of field and forest birds, or, until lately, squirrels. Exotic woods teeming with exotic wildlife... it all seems almost tropical in the interior Maritimes. Add a dash of continental heat, skies wiped clear of marine mist and then some crashing inland thunderstorms and you've got something refreshingly different as far as

a Newfoundlander is concerned.

My favorite spot was an old concrete jetty on Grand Lake, N.B., at Scotchtown at twilight. At that time of the day the water, the sky, the very air turned into luminous streaks of light blue and soft pink, oddly resembling day's end in Florida. But instead of the deep, growling undertow of the ocean there was the choppy slap of the lakeshore.

On the lake, loons struck up even-song, frogs or crickets began their shimmering hum in the pine and trembling aspen, and at a farm across the road a bull began to roar out of lust, hunger or contentment. Swallows darted over the molten water through dancing spirals of gnats and a distant pickup truck whispered past bound, perhaps, for beer or Baptist brimstone.

It was indeed some sweet country they had here. On the surface of it, anyway, and to the vacationer for a few weeks of summer. Possibly the winters are just as crucifying and politics, commerce and society every bit as medieval in New Brunswick as they are in Newfoundland.

Yet there are interesting differences. To us, Maritimers seem reticent to the point of being frostily tongue-tied. Some years ago, a CBC reporter moved from St. John's to Halifax and, first morning on the job, asked the boss directions to the washroom. He said he was busy but could grant her an interview in his office at 3:30 that afternoon... you see what I mean.

For all that, the service is better and the professional welcome warmer in restaurants and motels. There's a broader cultural mix with Acadians, natives, Loyalists and others. That can be a mixed blessing.

The Acadians can be more-persecuted-than-thou, the Loyalists put on insufferable airs because their pappies once picked a barmy king over a president with wooden teeth and the natives may demand microwave ovens and unlimited salmon, too. But N.B. be thanked for marvellous holidays.

On the way back home, the ferry suddenly burst through the fog at the approaches to Placentia town. Right on cue, a returning countryman popped out on deck and whooped: "Aye, look! Be the lord liftin' Jaysus! There she is, boys! There she is!"

That, too, was the appropriate comment, for the word "sweet" cannot be easily applied to the savagely triumphant shores of Newfoundland. ☒

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